

The Listener

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In this number:

Have Events Outstripped Geneva? (Sir Stephen King-Hall)

German Wines (Terence Prittie)

The Virtue of Independence (Geoffrey Grigson)

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Have Events Outstripped Geneva?

By SIR STEPHEN KING-HALL

THERE are two reasons which seem to suggest that the talks at Geneva have been outstripped by events. The first is the fact that so far there is no evidence that the Russians are prepared to move from the position they have taken up on the first two items on the agenda, which I will remind you are: first, the unity of Germany and security; second, disarmament. The third item, the development of cultural contacts between East and West, is interesting but of less immediate importance.

Nor is there any evidence, I am glad to say, that the Western Powers intend to abandon their fundamental position. The West says that Germany should be unified through free elections and then should be free to be part of the western defence group if that be the will of the German people. The West recognises that, in view of past history, a united Germany might reasonably cause apprehension in Moscow—there are similar fears amongst some people in the West—and therefore the Western Powers are prepared to discuss various ideas which should, in their opinion, ensure that a unified Germany will not once more start up a war by attacking Russia. Personally, I believe it to be nonsense to suppose that Germany could ever take on the Russia of today, but that is not apparently the view in the Kremlin.

The Russians, who are in the immensely strong position that they are in control of the missing half of the German body, have made it clear that they are in no hurry to see Germany united and that their minimum conditions for agreeing to such a Germany would be the dissolution of Nato, the withdrawal of American forces from bases in Europe and North Africa, and the replacement of all this by a general security pact. In my opinion, a security pact

between the states of the democratic world and those beyond the Iron Curtain would be about as useful a protection against war as an umbrella made up of spokes without covering would be against a hail storm. The Russians believe that time is on their side, and they may be right. Certainly they have not wasted time in getting on with the promotion of communist policy in the Middle East since the heads of states met at Geneva in July. Yesterday* Mr. Macmillan said that he expected the Geneva meetings to last some weeks and that there would be plenty of chances for informal talks. He added that during these informalities the question of Russian policy in the Middle East would be taken up with the Soviet leaders. There seemed to me to be a touch of pathos in this. I had a mental picture of the British and Americans saying to the Russians: 'Play the game, chaps', and the Russians replying 'We play chess, not cricket or baseball'. An eminent man in British public life said to me on Saturday, 'When you talk on Monday, tell your listeners that every Russian leader of note is an expert chess player. It is significant'.

So the first reason why the Geneva meeting already seems out of date is that before it opens there is a widespread feeling that no progress is likely on the main question, which is the future of Germany, and people are wondering, especially the Germans, where do we go from that state of affairs if these fears are realised? The second reason for the lessening of the sense of importance of the Geneva meetings is to be found in the fact that, leaving aside the Russians, the participants have each a good many preoccupations at home.

I hope it is understood that our international influence is directly

affected by the state of our internal economy. He is indeed a dull dog, and a very insular one, who is not waiting to hear what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to tell us on Wednesday. And, however dull, I shall be vastly surprised if, when Mr. Butler has finished, the said dog is not sitting up and taking notice. Nor do I expect him to be wagging his tail with pleasure. For, from the international point of view, what Mr. Butler will have to do is to convince sceptical and cynical foreigners that he meant what he said when he announced recently that he would make the foundations of sterling immovable.

In France, the North African situation is still critical, but the main political event of the week has been the decision of M. Faure to endeavour to bring the life of the present Assembly to an end in December and have general elections then instead of waiting until June 1956. It is pretty certain that but for the imminence of the Geneva talks the French Government would have fallen last week. For many months no French Government has had a stable majority and successive Cabinets have been at the mercy of the shifting manoeuvres of the groups of deputies. What is to be the future of France? No one who knows France, who realises the unique contribution which the genius of the French people has made to western civilisation, can doubt that France has a future, but I have long felt that the dilemma in which the French nation has found itself since 1945 is due to the fact that she has attempted to maintain her position as a Great Power without having the physical strength needed for the job, in a world where there are only two Great Powers by the standards of military power, industrial strength, and population: they are the United States and the Soviet Union. The future of France has seemed to me to be linked to the future of a united Europe, and only in this conception do I see any hope of burying once and for all the tragic story of Franco-German relations. But the decisive rejection by the Saarlanders of the Saar statute, laboriously agreed to by France

and Germany and sponsored by the Council of Europe, is a grave blow to the whole idea of western unity and may have very serious consequences.

So the Russians will come to Geneva to face western statesmen who are bound to be conscious that, apart from dealing with the problems presented to them by the policies of the Soviet Union, there are other matters to be borne in mind which have nothing whatever to do with communist policy but have everything to do with harmony and order within the western community. It seems to me that the events of this week have illustrated in a practical manner the truth of the proposition that we should worry less about what the Russians are up to and more about how to organise and develop on modern lines a democratic western international society. The British economic problem, the French political problem and her colonial problem, the issue of the Saar, were not invented in Moscow. The Russians may have some troubles hidden behind the Iron Curtain. The struggle for power in the Kremlin and the state of agricultural production are probably two of them, but it does not seem likely that—except for the rather curious position of Mr. Molotov—they are problems which will affect the single-minded attitude likely to be adopted by the Russians at Geneva.

Is it too much to hope that if Geneva is inconclusive the West will make a determined attempt to express the democratic ideal in political and economic forms more in keeping with the atomic age than are our nineteenth-century nationalistic arrangements? I am an Englishman, and I am always hoping that when we look at the world and ourselves we shall give a lead in this connection and remember the words of Milton, when he wrote: 'Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live'. I do not quote these words in any spirit of national arrogance, but as a reminder of a duty and a service which my country can render to western democracy.—*Home Service*

Climax of a Campaign

E. E. RICH on the battle of Trafalgar

TRAFALGAR was the last major fleet action between sailing ships. The great and manifest victory, the shattered prizes, and not least the death of Nelson—all gave to this battle a dramatic and emotional value which is unequalled. The thought of the frail genius, ravaged in the country's service, one-eyed, one-armed, and almost blind in his remaining eye, proudly wearing his decorations, master of naval strategy and roaring into his last fight with all the enthusiasm of a midshipman on his first cutter expedition; the dying insistence that 'Thank God I have done my duty'—these things, coupled with the country's affectionate reliance upon Nelson, all gave to Trafalgar an immediate and powerful emotional value.

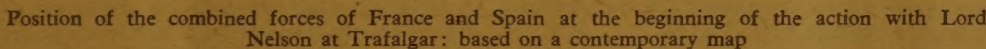
But although the popular song, 'Twas in Trafalgar Bay we saw the Frenchmen lay', urges the seamen to fight 'For England, Home, and Beauty', Trafalgar was not a battle for the defence of these islands in any immediate or urgent sense. It was not a defensive battle at all. It was not even a battle for control of the Channel and the Narrow Seas. It was an offensive battle, fought to give us control of the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, and the chance to open a second front. It is true that the threat of invasion by Napoleon had been obvious and overbearing. England stood alone against France in 1805; and against England the military genius of the age had massed the strength not only of France but also of the other powers whom he dominated. At Boulogne the Army of England was assembled; to Boulogne and the Texel flotillas of flat-bottomed invasion boats were drafted. From the start of August, 1805, Napoleon himself was there, stirring on the preparations. The Cabinet, the Admiralty, and the people, all alike watched and waited. And the more perfect the mastery of information, the higher up the scale of planning and direction, the less did Napoleon's threat of invasion dominate their minds.

The invasion peril reached its climax in the early weeks of August, 1805. Napoleon was then ordering his troops aboard, urging his admirals to give him mastery of the sea for but three days. He could then, in his words, 'End the Destiny of England'. The moment was at hand. The latter-day wisdom which can discount such threats may give confidence on similar occasions—and there were those who thought in such terms in the ominous days of 1940—but it cannot for a moment cloud the brilliant courage of those who assessed and acted on the piecemeal evidence which was available in 1805.

So admirably did they plan that on August 25 Napoleon told Talleyrand that all was over with the invasion of England. On August 29 the Army of England was re-named the Grand Army, and it began to move away from the coast, marching with such speed that on the day before Trafalgar was fought it defeated the Austrians at Ulm. The threat was averted by the Trafalgar campaign, a faultless example of naval strategy. Unflinching adherence to correct principles, often apparently dangerous, throughout the Trafalgar campaign, thwarted Napoleon well before the actual battle was fought. But the battle was the climax of the campaign although the threat was already over.

Behind the story lies the problem of ensuring that strategy should have the necessary force behind it, and here there is much cause for wonder, admiration, and relief. 'Hearts of oak' were scarce in 1805. At their best, English forests could scarcely supply a half of the timber needed; and they were restricted by the working of a timber monopoly and by administrative defects. The great fighting admiral, St. Vincent, had set to work in the truce of 1801 to introduce sadly needed reforms in the dockyards. It was entirely praiseworthy, but it defied and antagonised the timber-merchants and it left the country with less than a year's supply of timber in hand when war broke out again in 1802.

There had been room for doubt as to Nelson's strategy; otherwise Barham would not have sent for the Journal. The doubt was removed; every step had been made in the correct manner for the correct reasons.



It was certain that Nelson would get command of the Mediterranean fleet again when the campaign started to move. But some doubts must have remained. Nelson had always been an 'all or nothing' man. Once certain, once he had made a decision, he held nothing back. He had that deep confidence in his own decisions which is essential in a great commander, and he stood fully vindicated. But his determined self-confidence might well lead to a desperate stroke when it dominated a mind frustrated by two years at sea in pursuit of an elusive foe. There was a 'perpetual thirst for glory raging within him'. Inimitable in his power to weld a ship's company or a fleet into unity, an affectionate, fascinating little fellow (as he was described), he took his decisions and his responsibilities alone. 'I would allow no man to take from me an atom of my glory had I fallen in with the French fleet, nor do I desire any man to partake of the responsibility', he wrote. Long since, too, had come to him that intense personal dislike of his enemies which can be so great an asset, and so great a danger, in a commander. 'My blood boils at the name of a Frenchman. I hate them all, Royalists and Republicans'. Fuming at the loss of his long-awaited chance for battle, he might engage on something less than the best terms.

In the event, Nelson got command of the Mediterranean Fleet (not the Channel squadrons, be it noted) in mid-September. The combined French and Spanish fleet which he had chased to the West Indies and back was then at Cadiz. But Admiral Villeneuve, in command, had no heart for his work. The fear of Nelson had got the upper hand of him; he was certain of failure. 'Seeing that I had no confidence in the condition of my ships, in their sailing, and in their power of manoeuvring together'—and Napoleon showed that he shared the lack of confidence by doing the one thing which Nelson feared he might not himself be able to accomplish. Napoleon got the French and Spanish fleets to sea. His object now was not to threaten invasion but to interrupt the movement of British troops in the Mediterranean, and this was what Nelson confidently expected.

The Nelson Touch

During the last week of September and the first fortnight of October, while Nelson was watching outside Cadiz, he re-established his old personal hold on the loyalties of officers and men, and he also propounded and discussed his plan for battle—the famous 'Nelson touch'. Here emphasis was on getting rapidly into action; the chance might be lost while a formal order of battle was adopted, so the order of sailing was also to be the order of battle, in two parallel lines of sixteen ships each, and with a mobile reserve of eight. Secondly, Collingwood, the second-in-command, was to have complete control of his line. Thirdly, his intention was to attack so that the two lines should cut off the rear and the centre of the enemy from their van, who would take some time to get back into the battle and whom the mobile reserve squadron would also oppose. Nelson meant to break the enemy's line in two places. Fourthly, the enemy admiral should be in the sections subject to this attack; he should be captured.

It was October 19 before Villeneuve, rightly suspecting that he had been superseded in command, put to sea. Nelson, ready fifty miles off-shore, immediately moved to the southwards to cut him off from the Straits. But the French were not so easily marshalled or met; they were not under way until noon of the twentieth, and it was late afternoon of the twentieth before the fleets were in contact again. Then Nelson, despite his raging thirst for action, forbore to attack. He gave the French full opportunity to come out and he gave himself time for decisive action, by waiting for the morning.

The night's manoeuvres destroyed the order of sailing, already upset by the absence on detached service of the ships who should have formed the mobile reserve, and there has been much discussion as to whether on the day Nelson attacked according to plan or simply in 'an impetuous attack in two distinct bodies'. The British bore down on the French in two lines, taking them at right angles, with Collingwood leading the one line and Nelson leading the other. It was perhaps part of a plan, in that the great three-deckers with their formidable broadsides led the lines, but such an attack meant that the leading ships would meet the fire of the enemy alone until their consorts followed them into action. Simultaneous engagement of all ships, on courses parallel to the enemy, as Nelson's memorandum seems to have envisaged, would have avoided this terrible danger. The peril was increased by reliance upon the force of impact. Twice as they bore down Nelson signalled to 'Make all sail possible with safety to the masts', and he and Collingwood carried their ships into action with every sail drawing. As leaders of their lines they must in any case have suffered

heavily from the concentrated fire of the French and Spaniards, and Collingwood was unsupported for a quarter of an hour in which he fought four of the enemy. Nelson changed his mind as the French admiral revealed himself at the last moment, and tried to force *Victory* through, first ahead of the French flagship, and then astern of her. *Victory* was jammed fast in the French line, mercilessly raked by the fire of three French ships.

The battle, thus engaged, was a supreme triumph for the fighting powers of the British officers and crews. Whatever the plan, or the extent to which it was carried out, the effect was that, as Collingwood said a week after the battle, 'We all scrambled into battle as soon as we could'. But the basic element of the plan, and the magnificent qualities of the men, ensured that the defeat inflicted was utter and irretrievable. Before he died Nelson knew that of the thirty-three ships of the line which Villeneuve had led into action at least twenty had surrendered. Of his own fleet of twenty-seven not one had struck.

The simple courage with which the frail admiral took his fleet into action cannot be matched except by the moral courage with which he made his decisions and took his responsibilities. The death of such a leader in the hour of such a victory had an epic quality.

—Third Programme

Australia has not yet suffered from the flood of single-volume histories which has recently been the fate of her sister Dominion of Canada, and *The Story of Australia* (Faber, 15s.), the new interpretative history by Mr. A. G. L. Shaw, has much to commend it to the general reader for whom Messrs. Faber have designed this series. The present volume, however, is not a pioneer study and must bear comparison with the short histories by Professors Hancock and Crawford: indeed, one of the values of this book is that it sends us back to Hancock to taste once more the wisdom of that analysis which he made nearly a quarter of a century ago. But Mr. Shaw's work deserves appreciation in its own right. Its approach is broad and the narrative is lively. We learn something of the anthropology, the literature, the economics, and the geology of Australia as well as of its politics. His writing is notably free from Australian xenophobia, though occasionally—over the Australian withdrawal from the Middle East during the last war, for example—he is a reasoning apologist. He refuses to overwrite the minor incident of the Eureka stockade or to take at face value the clap-trap of the 'White Australia' policy. Moreover, apart from a few curious lapses, his style is as incisive as his comment is illuminating. His analysis of the Australian outlook shows it to be that of an average, egalitarian, and comfort-loving people of a narrow suburban background, devoted to sport, distrustful of intellect, and wanting in respect not only for tradition but also (if would seem) for the police and the public service. He discusses with understanding the ineffectiveness of Australian conservatism and dissects the Australian tendency to talk loudly of their concern for 'the Empire', while refusing to let that boasted devotion stand in the way of a large view of national self-interest.

Should the reader wish to discover more of the story which is to be found still fresh in contemporary records, he cannot possibly do better than dip into Professor Manning Clark's two volumes of *Select Documents in Australian History*, the second of which has just been published (Angus and Robertson, 70s.). The first volume made an immediate appeal in its neat sketch of the British background to the first convict settlements. Professor Clark now continues his illustration of the main themes with the same striking effect and sense of actuality in this second volume which covers the last fifty years of the nineteenth century. The volume begins with the excitements of the gold rush and ends with the frustrations of strikes. There is, moreover, an illuminating collection of opinions on Australian behaviour which would give point to Mr. Shaw's analysis. The sources which have been rifled by Professor Clark are many and various. It is true that there are few surprises, and that very few of the documents are not available already in print, but nowhere are they in so accessible a form and everywhere they are sure reminders of the wealth to be found in the best sources. His comments and surveys link the narrative with an assured balance and skill, and, apart from an interesting introductory essay, he has kept personal interpretation to a minimum. The collection is, indeed, eminently readable, rich in humanity and vivid in eye-witness; and there is a good index and cross-referencing. There is an interesting section on social history and a stimulating one on the growth of parties, though unfortunately with insufficient indication of the links with the British Labour leaders. Moreover, the development towards dominion status, the filling-out of responsibility, particularly in foreign affairs, could well have received some attention. The sections, though well chosen, are arbitrary and documents do tend to get split up in the attempt to force them into these predestined patterns. One result is that a document may be served up in various forms in small pieces, sometimes with heading and explanations longer than the text. This weakness is, however, much less noticeable in this second than in Professor Clark's first volume. His books will surely become standard reference works for many years—the bibliographies are excellent—but they have also a fascination and entertainment value not often met with in works of this kind.

War and Society

War and Individual Rights

E. C. S. WADE gives the fourth of seven talks

THE purpose of this talk is to discuss the effect of war upon individual liberty of action in the light of the experience of two world wars—the first in our history to be marked by the adoption of conscription of manpower. Professor Gibbs* has stated that war is after all but the continuation of policy. Diplomacy as a means of pursuing policy gives way to force; but the policy which has led to hostilities continues to be the aim and object of the belligerents. Policy in a state which believes in the parliamentary form of government demands the maintenance of a favourable climate of political opinion. It is unlikely to be retained, if the people are required to surrender more legal safeguards than are really required to be sacrificed in the interests of prosecuting the war. Thus, as full a measure as possible of freedom of speech must be preserved, even to the extent of allowing criticism of the conduct of the war. None the less, to achieve the necessary concentration of power to win the war the demands of the state require sacrifice of private interests and so the suspension of much that the common law has given us.

Three Aspects of a Problem

Individual rights, even in total warfare, have not so far been unduly confined in this country because no war can be waged successfully if the morale of the civil population is disregarded and the whole effort of the state directed to the fighting forces. The problem of individual rights may be looked at from three angles: that of the civil population linked closely as it must be by ties of kinship with the armed forces; that of the Government and its servants; and that of Parliament.

In war, people look to the Government for constructive action to fill the gaps and check the abuses which the emergency inevitably creates. When action is taken there may, at first, be some friction. In the long run the resentment is outweighed by the recognition of the necessity which called for action. To sanction acceptance of a new measure, the press and the B.B.C. play a vital part and can, if need be, help to secure any modification which experience may show to be feasible. If they are to play this part effectively freedom of speech and publication must be left as far as possible undisturbed, however severe the measure of economic control and security regulations.

From the parliamentary angle, the House of Commons is never likely to forget the part it has played in the long conflict against arbitrary power. By its grant in war time of extraordinary powers to the executive government it acquiesces in the curtailment of liberty for the time being, but it is vigilant to criticise and alert to resist when freedom of person and freedom of speech are in danger of excessive restraint. It was not merely by chance that D.R. 18B, which authorised the detention of suspects and D.R. 2D, which sanctioned suspension of newspapers, received more criticism in the House of Commons than the rest of the lengthy code of Defence Regulations which came into force in 1939-40. As one critic put it, it is the function of the House of Commons in time of war to watch and pray, *i.e.*, to seek to criticise and, where necessary, to take action by tabling a motion for the annulment of a new regulation. In the second world war, Parliament could receive little support from the courts. The highest court had disclaimed any power to control the action of the Executive, short of fraud or lack of good faith. What was necessary or expedient was for the Executive alone to determine as a matter of policy. So Parliament had decreed. Reasonableness of a Minister's belief could not be successfully challenged, because Parliament had entrusted full power to the Executive and allowed few, if any, matters to be capable of adjudication as judicial issues. In this respect the legislation of 1939 was much tighter than in 1914-15. Even if this had not been so, it was always competent to the Executive to reverse a decision of the courts by Defence Regulations.

It was largely this consideration of impotence in the courts that led lawyers to take a prominent part in the debates on emergency legislation. But lawyers were not the only guardians of liberty in a House of Commons which showed itself conscious that we owe our liberty to the fact that in the past the courts have rejected the plea of state

necessity. As the Government issued measure after measure which excluded appeal to, or challenge in, the courts, it was pleaded in extenuation from the Government Front Bench that the House of Commons alone was the proper place to criticise the Executive. It was argued that an absolute discretion must be given to the responsible Minister of the Crown and that the House of Commons, rather than the courts, was the proper place to criticise what was a matter of high policy rather than a justiciable issue. In support of this view it could be said that in the particular case of detention on suspicion the Executive had received from Parliament powers which were comparable with the existing prerogative powers to detain aliens in time of war, and that all Parliament had done was to enlarge the class of persons who could be regarded as enemies of the state to include certain British subjects whose activities put them in the same category as suspected enemy aliens. On the other hand, parliamentary criticism was not necessarily an adequate substitute for a remedy in the courts. For the critics were in the nature of things denied access to much recent information which was known to the Executive and criticism by debate where the Government are secure in the knowledge of a successful issue on a division, is an inadequate substitute for remedying the grievances of the individual in an impartial court of law.

Looked at from the angle of the Government, emergency powers have their origin in the deliberations of officials charged with responsibility for perfecting the planned economy which war imposes. It fell to the Home Office in the preparatory stage to see that the demands of the other Departments did not make unnecessary inroads into the liberty of the subject. The records would doubtless show that in consequence of a watchful attitude proposals for emergency powers were in many instances turned down, so far as was consistent with the primary object of safeguarding public security. Nevertheless, these progenitors of emergency legislation were close to the perils from the enemy which lay ahead; they were not called upon to pay regard to academic constitutional doctrine; they were none the less anxious to avoid parliamentary criticism. They prepared the enactments necessarily in the closest secrecy, which precluded any measure of consultation with outside interests—so prominent a feature of modern administration. The result was that the state entered the war better prepared in the administrative sphere than in the military where considerations of policy had hampered preparation. Whenever there was doubt, caution dictated that the fullest power to cover every contingency should be taken. In the result it was plain to anyone who had the skill, leisure, and inclination to study over sixty Acts of Parliament, some 100 (350 eventually) General Defence Regulations and other Orders innumerable, that there were many breaches of the constitutional rights for which Parliament and the courts had fought so long.

All this is not to imply that Civil Servants or Ministers do not value liberty as citizens. It is a question of proportion, and the scales were weighed heavily against traditional conceptions in the face of such dire peril. Only public criticism could restore the balance, and, on the whole, it succeeded in so doing.

Compromise with the Public Interest

Something must be said about what are meant by individual rights in the presence of total war. Liberty of action is always a matter of compromise with the public interest. So it is in time of war. If the slow and deliberate processes of the law have to be speeded up and in places abandoned temporarily it is not because they are considered unimportant but because they have to be sacrificed to expediency. It can, I think, be claimed that the two wars of this century have shown us that as regards the civil population freedom of the person can be largely safeguarded, even under conditions which require compulsory direction of labour, and freedom of speech left largely unrestricted. I refer, of course, to freedom for the civil population and am not concerned with discipline in the armed forces. On the other hand, freedom of property can be sacrificed without seriously compromising the other freedoms. That this claim can be made is

largely because the civil courts were free to exercise their ordinary jurisdiction. It is significant that in the first world war trial by court martial of civilians for certain offences was introduced at the outset, was extended in the early months, but was abandoned within eight months of the outbreak of war. In 1939, emergency regulations subjected none of the civil population to trial by court martial which was expressly prohibited by the enabling Act. It was only in 1940, as an aftermath of the invasion of France, that there was a solitary departure from this, and then the power to try by court martial applied only to enemy agents. When, some weeks later, invasion seemed imminent, legislation for a scheme of war zone courts became imperative, although the scheme never had to be put into force. The constitution of these courts was essentially that of civil courts, and not of military tribunals. Not only did the Commons freely exercise their right to criticise the Government's proposals, but the burden of ministerial responsibility was not allowed to overrule consultation with private members, which resulted in securing safeguards for individual liberty which stood in such immediate peril of destruction by the enemy.

Power to Detain on Suspicion

To illustrate the impact which some of the more important restrictions made on individual rights, it will suffice if examples are taken from the power to detain on suspicion, the control of propaganda and press criticism, and the control of economic resources. The validity of the power to detain on suspicion was conceded by the courts in both wars, despite dissenting opinions in the House of Lords. But although the courts were reluctant to call the Executive to account for the exercise of this power, it was otherwise in the House of Commons. The regulation known as 18B as originally introduced was amended after consultation with an all-party delegation of Members following on the debate of October 31, 1939. This debate in the House of Commons resulted in a number of amendments to the code of regulations by way of restricting powers which were capable of abuse to closer limits within which their exercise was clearly justified. The amendment of D.R. 18B, however, did not make review by the courts possible. But the Home Secretary was required to report monthly to Parliament what use he had made of the powers, including the number of detainees who were locked up or released during each period. A detainee was given the right to appear before an advisory committee presided over by a lawyer. The committee was required to inform him of the grounds of his detention. Debates in the House of Commons on the operation of this regulation took place on several occasions throughout the war. Not only did it attract the greater part of parliamentary criticism of the emergency legislation, but it was among the first to be revoked within twenty-four hours of the end of hostilities in Europe.

The clash between the caution of the Government and public opinion is well illustrated by the regulations relating to propaganda and press control. The relevant regulation had no exact counterpart in the first war. As originally introduced it was made an offence 'to endeavour to influence public opinion in a manner likely to be prejudicial to the defence of the realm or the efficient prosecution of the war'. Honest expression of opinion might thus have been penalised, including criticism of the Government. The regulation was revised after the consultations and its application was restricted to propaganda in which use was made of 'any false statement, false document or false report'. Moreover, it was a defence to show reasonable cause for believing the information to be true. In defending the regulation in the form in which it was first issued, the Government stated that there was no intention to use it to suppress pacifist propaganda as such; but proceedings might be necessary against those members of sects who were anxious to attain revolutionary ends by exploiting pacifist opinion; reasoned pamphlets would not be suppressed, but those which incited passion and prejudice would. The decision of the Government to restrict their powers to the punishment of those who deliberately made use of false statements, documents, or reports to influence public opinion went a long way to restoring freedom of speech. But the effect was to reduce the chances of a successful prosecution to a vanishing point.

The same regulation enabled a compulsory censorship of press and film to be established. This was later limited to the publication of matter prejudicial to our relations with foreign countries or to transactions in course of negotiation between the Government and persons abroad. The concession meant that the press was free to use its own discretion as to the publication of any other matter, subject to the risk of being prosecuted for breach of any particular regulation relating to public security. Thus the traditional view of freedom of speech was

upheld and the press left to exercise its own discretion. The essential object of censorship—security—was largely attained by withholding information from official sources.

In 1940, power was taken by regulation to punish the systematic publication of any matter which was calculated to ferment opposition to the successful prosecution of the war. Warning by the Home Secretary was a condition precedent to the commission of the offence (D.R.2C). A few days later a new regulation gave the Home Secretary power to suppress a newspaper indefinitely, a power used only against the *Daily Worker*, although its use was threatened in one other case. The *Daily Worker* case was debated in the House of Commons on January 28, 1941, when it was argued against the action of the Home Secretary:

(1) That to allow the publication of detestable propaganda showed the strength of our cause to people abroad especially in the United States and that to drive it underground would be dangerous.

(2) That the courts were the proper place to punish abuse by a minority.

The Home Secretary's case for the power to suppress a newspaper rested largely on the inappropriateness of trial by jury for sedition which the earlier regulation in effect required.

To turn, in contrast, to control of the economy: here there was little or no discussion in Parliament and no more than three cases relating to the control of industry came before the courts, one of which the Government lost. The key to the control of national resources lay in D.R. 55, together with the land requisitioning powers given by D.R. 51. Regulation 55 gave the Government power to issue any regulations which appeared to be necessary, whether for the prosecution of the war or the maintenance of essential services 'for regulating or prohibiting the production, treatment, keeping, storage, movement, transfer, distribution, disposal, acquisition, use or consumption of articles of any description and, in particular, the controlling of prices at which such articles may be sold'. Short of imposing industrial conscription, which did not come until after Dunkirk, the whole control of production and distribution was placed in the hands of the Government, and the only choice left open to a firm was between closing down and complying with the control. At one time this regulation was operated by no less than twelve different government departments. Under it all forms of rationing were imposed. Yet, compared with the regulations restricting freedom of person and speech, it attracted negligible attention in Parliament.

Gains from Rule by Regulation in War Time

What are the gains from the point of view of individual rights which have resulted from rule by regulation in war time? It was no small matter that Parliament found frequent occasions for drawing attention to the administration of laws which hampered free criticism and denied a man in prison a trial. Parliament showed its strength by forcing the Government to agree on at least two occasions to consultations with private members on the scope of restrictive regulations. One of the less obvious consequences of the effect of war on individual rights was to focus attention on the absolute rule that modern Government Departments could not be made liable in law for personal injuries inflicted by their employees. Nor, indeed, had the employees themselves any remedy for injuries sustained at work. It can be claimed that the timing of the Crown Proceedings Act, 1947, which has removed this, was related to the war-time expansion of government activity.

The establishment of the Scrutinising Committee in the House of Commons was the direct outcome of the multiplicity of regulations issued under the Emergency Powers Acts. These were the Acts which enabled law-making by the Government. This committee is now a permanent feature of House of Commons procedure. It at least ensures that the Departments cannot escape notice if they make unexpected or unusual use of their powers or impose charges on the public. Again, the Statutory Instruments Act, 1946, has greatly improved the publicity which must be given to the effect of delegating legislation in general. Nor must there be overlooked the gains to the community which have resulted from the continuation in permanent form of experience made possible only by the exercise of emergency powers. As a legacy of the first war, we may have forgotten daylight saving and early closing of shops. Nor can there be overlooked the advent of the Welfare State, no matter what price in life or liberty had to be paid in advance.

Finally, I would hazard the opinion that war-time experiences of lawyers and others temporarily in the Civil Service may have done something towards reconciling the conflicting views of lawyers and professional administrators on the functions of the state and the proper mode of their exercise.—*Third Programme*

The World Comes to Bangkok

LEONARD BEHRENS describes a conference of United Nations Associations

BANGKOK is a long way off—too far, you might think, to go for one week's conference. But this was a very special conference, and there were very special reasons why it should be held a long way off. Let me explain. You and I know that the United Nations, with all its shortcomings, is the one hope of the world. Some of us know too that the United Nations will never be what it was intended to be until ordinary people in all countries understand what it means and insist that it shall be made to work. In some sixty countries there are societies of men and women who are determined to see that their fellow-citizens know more about it, and who are giving of their time and energy and money to save the world from another war. These societies are joined together in the World Federation of United Nations Associations, and once a year they meet in Plenary Assembly. The first nine annual meetings were held in Europe. That was all right for the European Associations, but not so easy for the Americans, the Australians and New Zealanders, or for those very important people, the Japanese and Indians and Pakistanis and Indonesians. So we decided to hold our Tenth Assembly last month in Thailand, which claims to be the only country in the Far East which has never come under the domination of any European state.

Delegations from Thirty-three Countries

In all, there were delegations from thirty-three countries. They were of all kinds and colours, from the famous Mrs. Roosevelt to a man from Nepal. Yes, they have a United Nations Association in Nepal, and they have five branches in that little country. Then there were a wise and charming Indian professor, some charming ladies from the Philippines, a rather silent delegation from the large Association in Japan. There were east Germans and west Germans, a first-rate set of men from Australia, keen and knowledgeable, an able young Austrian, a learned lawyer from Belgium. Among our more distinguished colleagues there were an ex-Prime Minister from Iran, a High Court Judge from Denmark, and so forth. The British Delegation consisted of Major-General Lyne, Chairman of our Association, Charles Judd the Director-General, and myself. We had with us also officials of the United Nations and of the Specialised Agencies, to advise us and to listen to what we had to say; and a host of people from various international societies, who came to listen but were not allowed to talk.

The most important subjects were our methods of education and propaganda. One whole commission—the Assembly split up into four commissions in order to get through the work in a week—was devoted to educational problems: how to get information about the United Nations into the schools and colleges and into adult education; how to promote international understanding. The delegation from Indonesia frankly confessed that, in a new country, which has just won its independence, it was extremely difficult to combat those feelings of hostility and suspicion towards other countries which seem to come only too easily with strong sentiments of nationalism; and they told us what they were trying to do about it.

We had some excellent discussions on economic and social questions. Mrs. Roosevelt was especially impressive on the subject of Human Rights. We talked, too, about the sufferings of the under-developed countries, and we were able to hear at first-hand the representatives of these countries. All over the world men and women are starving; millions are crippled with malaria and other diseases; thousands are rotting in refugee camps. And far too many little children suffer, and die before they grow up. So long as the miseries continue, there can be no prosperity for the world. But it is not only a matter of being sorry for these people. So long as a man is sick, he eats but he cannot work. He is a passenger, he is a drain on the community. Make him well and he can produce more than he eats. In most cases, the governments of these people are anxious to do something, but they have neither the means nor the experience necessary. Many of the more fortunate countries want to help, but it is only through the United Nations and its Agencies that the help can be effective without overlapping. Those of us who attended the Bangkok conference have returned home eager to

urge our own governments in our various countries, even at some sacrifice, to seize this opportunity of making the world a happier and more prosperous place.

These were all intensely interesting and fruitful discussions; but the real excitement begins when you start to discuss politics. In our Federation we have delegations from the other side of the Iron Curtain. It is immensely important that they should be present. They are told by their governments what to say. The Czechs and the Poles, the Hungarians and Rumanians and Bulgarians, and probably even the Yugoslavs, are told what to say—but they cannot be told what they are to hear; and, believe me, they hear quite a lot. When you mix with people, working for the same purpose, and enjoy agreeable talks with them out of school, so to speak, you establish a friendship which enables you to speak bluntly without giving offence.

The matters we discussed were highly controversial. Take the problem of who is to represent China in the United Nations, the effective government in Peking, or the exiled government in Formosa. The Americans, for reasons which it is easy to understand, do not agree with us; and yet we were able to hammer out a basis of agreement together. Then we discussed the crucial problem of what is called 'coexistence', and at once the question of non-interference cropped up. There is criminal interference in another country's affairs and also interference which is right and healthy, and it did us all good to thrash out which was which. Marvellous to relate, nearly all our resolutions (and every one of our political ones) were passed, not *nem. con.*, but unanimously. But, to my mind, the greatest good comes not from resolutions but from the interchange of opinions and from trying to understand the other fellow's point of view.

We want to have associations in every country whatever government it has, and we were pleased that, after the meetings, three representatives of the Federation—the Secretary-General, and an Englishman and a Pakistani—went off to Peking, at Mr. Chou En-lai's request, to explore the possibility of establishing a United Nations Association in China.

Work of the Children's Fund

While we were in Thailand we had a chance of getting a glimpse of a fraction of the practical work that the United Nations is doing through its Children's Fund. The Fund does nothing unless it is invited to do it by the government of the country to be benefited, and then only on condition that that government gives at least as much as it gets. Most of them give much more. In Thailand we saw a maternity home and a tuberculosis centre, in which the Thai Government provides the buildings and staff and the United Nations gives the equipment and helps with the training. More than that, the United Nations enables doctors and nurses to get training abroad; in fact, all the work of the Children's Fund is done with the object of starting something which eventually the country, receiving the help, will carry on by itself.

No account of what we did in Bangkok would be complete without a word on the extraordinary hospitality we received from the Thai Government and the Thai United Nations Association. The Prime Minister and his wife, who is President of the Thai United Nations Association, took a personal interest. Nothing seemed to be too much trouble.

As we finished our meetings of supporters of the U.N. on September 11, another meeting was on the point of beginning—the General Assembly of the United Nations itself in New York. The statesmen of the world are now in session, to settle the fate of the world. They have the power to make or mar our future happiness: we could only discuss and suggest. But the success or failure of the statesmen depends upon the backing and encouragement which they get from their own people; and I have a feeling that, through our United Nations Association in so many lands, we are doing something to create that backing and encouragement.—*From a talk in the North of England Home Service*

Investment for Peace (Stationery Office, price 2s.) is the title of an illustrated booklet giving in thirty pages an account of the first ten years' work of the United Nations.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on the 'Geneva spirit'

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company.

A Vintage Season

THE grape-picking season for wines in Europe is now nearly over. Mr. Terence Prittie describes on another page the present position of the industry in Germany, and last week we published a short description of the vine harvest in Bordeaux from Mr. John Heuston who has been helping there. Mr. Prittie reminds us that Germany is, on balance, a wine importing country and that German wines are both dearer and less popular than French. A bottle of the very best German wine, he says, will cost as much as £10 from a London wine merchant and ordinary German wines are costlier than their French equivalents. It is probable that less is known about German wine in this country than about French and about the 'fortified' wines such as port and sherry. How many people who drink an occasional bottle can explain the meaning of the word *Liebfraumilch* as they could Champagne? Here it is, perhaps, the name that attracts. And in books about wines, German wines tend to get cursorily or even roughly treated. Thus the late Maurice Healy in his book *Stay Me with Flagons*—first published, admittedly, in 1940, just after the Battle of Britain—wrote: 'I find the wine has lost its savour . . . The wine ages with a certain amount of dignity although I always find in it a vulgarity that I seem to discern everywhere in the German character'. Hocks, he continued, 'are unfriendly, although distinguished; they seem to say, "I have condescended to visit you, but I perceive that you are neither *von* nor *zu* and I reserve my intimacies for such as are"'. However Mr. Healy was kinder later, and other experts have drawn attention to those occasions when hock may be the most appropriate wine of all to drink, if you are a wine drinker.

There is no snob like a wine drinker, and incidentally no subject on which there is so much disputation. In his introduction to Mr. Healy's book, Sir Norman Birkett quoted from a cartoon of James Thurber where the host on introducing his wine to his guests remarks: 'It's a naive domestic Burgundy, without any breeding, but I think you'll be amused by its presumption'. The drinker of wine often has the same formidable impressiveness as the collector of gramophone records; he will find Rioja and Rossini amusing and take a much graver view of a Beethoven quartet or a chateaux-bottled claret. Such specialists take their pleasures seriously and their guests are expected to behave with a becoming gravity.

It is said that more wine is being drunk in this country than ever. But, like love of good music, its distribution seems to be a patchy affair. In some districts of London, for example, a wine merchant will stock little more than British wines among the beer and spirits, although one can usually find a bottle of 'bubbly' for festive occasions. Again, some restaurant proprietors in all parts of the country will present the unsuspecting with an intimidating wine list with little in reach of the average pocket; and then, when the wine comes, the red will be boiled and the white frozen. Yet, equally, the connoisseur can find reasonably priced wines at some retail shops and there are hotels scattered up and down the country where the needs of single travellers are met by the provision of large glasses or quarter bottles. Of course one need not drink wine at all, if one does not fancy it or thinks it wrong to do so, any more than one need smoke, play games, or marry. But as with most things it is possible to enjoy them more if one knows something about them. Even if one is in the habit of drinking wine only occasionally, enjoyment can be increased by learning where the grapes are grown, how they are treated and fermented, and what happens when they are bottled and shipped.

IN INNUMERABLE BROADCASTS from the Soviet sphere last week, the phrase 'the Geneva spirit' was used. 'Pessimistic prophecies in the West' concerning the coming Geneva Conference, 'the fresh outburst of sabre-rattling by the Generals of the aggressive North Atlantic bloc', and 'the inveiglement of Persia into a military bloc', were all said to be contrary to the 'Geneva spirit'. (On the other hand, a number of broadcasts from the West and from Israel described Soviet policy in the Middle East as 'contrary to the Geneva spirit'.) Moscow radio publicised an appeal from the 'World Peace Council' bureau in Vienna, calling on all peoples 'to make the Geneva spirit prevail' in connection with the coming conference. The Soviet home radio quoted Mr. Crossman as having written in the *Daily Mirror* that Soviet, unlike western, policy 'flourishes in the atmosphere of peace created thanks to the Geneva spirit' and that the western alliance was 'falling to pieces'.

Izvestia was quoted as saying that the latest Soviet Note to the Western Powers reflected the U.S.S.R.'s 'profoundly realistic approach to the situation which has now arisen in the German question'. Certain western circles still persisted in a policy of 'non-recognition of the German Democratic Republic' and in attempts to apply the 'bankrupt policy from strength' to a German settlement. Moscow broadcasts continued to maintain that German unification depended on the establishment of a European collective security system. *Pravda* was quoted for an article saying that the United States delegates' stand in the United Nations Disarmament Sub-Committee amounted to a refusal to disarm, which tallied with the 'campaign of pessimism' launched against the Foreign Ministers' Conference. (On the other hand, Marshal Bulganin sent a letter to President Eisenhower on disarmament, thanking him for his letter, and saying: 'I am glad that you attach such great importance to these questions'; and Prague radio described President Eisenhower's letter to Marshal Bulganin as 'proof of the continuing validity of the Geneva spirit in international relations'.) An East German broadcast said that the 'German Democratic Republic' would send a government delegation to the Geneva conference.

We further know that a delegation from the Federal Republic could also be heard and that these two groups could submit joint German proposals—if we demand this.

However, the German people were fortunate to have their 'true interests' represented at Geneva by the G.D.R. Government.

A 'Voice of the Arabs' broadcast from Cairo called on Tunisians to 'form a united army with Algeria and Morocco to restore freedom and Islam to Tunisia'. The same broadcast, which said that the controversy about Egypt's arms purchases had had its effect on the peoples of North Africa, claimed that the military agreement between Egypt and Syria was calculated to protect 'the entire Arab nation'. Cairo radio, quoting an Egyptian newspaper, said that the Egyptian-Syrian agreement, and similar agreements planned, arose from a feeling of common danger to Arab countries which must be met unitedly, 'whether the danger is from the East or the West'. Another Egyptian newspaper was quoted as saying that the Egyptians, if they wished to fight, could 'trample the small State of Israel underfoot in a second'. Egypt was not, however, facing Israel alone, but the international power of Zionism, which 'controls treasuries, armies, and governments in the U.S.A., Britain, France, and other western nations'. A 'Voice of the Arabs' broadcast said that the U.S. should not make excuses for Israel by saying that the Jews were persecuted by Hitler, because the Arabs, as a result of U.S. support of Israel, had suffered more than the Jews under Hitler.

Hitler did not send the Jews out of their country. He did not deprive them of their fathers' lands.

Cairo radio reported that the Sudanese Prime Minister had said:

A delegation of Sudanese officers has visited all countries, including Czechoslovakia, and we hope to buy modern arms from any source.

A Cairo broadcast for the Sudan declared:

The Mau Mau revolution must be revived, not only in Kenya, but in the entire continent, until Africa belongs to the Africans.

Cairo radio's broadcasts in Swahili expressing Arab League support for the Mau Mau rising were cited in a 'Voice of the Fatherland' broadcast from Athens, which reported that the Arab League Political Committee, at its meeting in Cairo, was seeking an effective method of supporting the Enosis demand.

Did You Hear That?

LONDON AS A WORLD ART MARKET

'YOU WILL PROBABLY have read of the high prices realised at the sales of the Sotheby Heirlooms recently, when a single Elizabethan miniature fetched the record price of £5,000', said T. H. CLARKE, in 'At Home and Abroad'. 'Such prices once again justify London's reputation as the centre of the world art market—although Paris and New York also claim that position.

'I think London's claim is justified, for it has certain definite advantages over any rival. The first is that prices in London tend to be more stable than in either Paris or New York. One reason for this is that there is in London a large, well-financed, and experienced art trade with generations of practice, and behind the dealers a body of serious collectors—more numerous than is generally believed, and with a wider range of interest than in other countries. The collecting fashion of the moment is, naturally, reflected in high prices, but there is a market for works of quality not only in good times but also in bad. Here the reliability of the London dealer and the auctioneer plays its part. Catalogue descriptions are accurate and accepted internationally. Then, again, the technique of the London auction room, with its good sense and calm atmosphere, is preferred by many a Continental dealer or collector.

'I speak mainly from the auctioneer's point of view, and this brings me to the second and telling advantage over our competitors. This is that the commission charged on sales in London is far lower than that charged anywhere else in the world. For most works of art it is 10 per cent. against 22½ per cent. in New York, and considerably more in Paris. This lower rate of commission more than offsets the cost of freight and insurance for sending things from abroad to be sold here.

'London's future as a market for works of art, however, depends very much on freedom of trade in these things. Here we are in a better position than we were last year, even. For some years we have been able to import works of art from most European countries, but during the last year the Board of Trade has allowed dollars to be used for the buying and import from the United States of works of art for sale by auction in London. The fact that we can now use dollars in this way is surely a sign of the importance of this trade in works of art. Already the London auction rooms have been successful in importing both single objects and collections of pictures, Chinese and English porcelain, and other objects from America. One instance of this is the late André de Coppet's collection of historical manuscripts, which has come over from New York, and the sales of which have so far totalled nearly £50,000; and there are several more sales to come.

'Yet in order to justify our position as a market in works of art and rare books, we must not only be able to import freely but there must also be as few restrictions as possible on the export of works of art. When the question of the export of a work of art arises the matter is considered by a reviewing committee. But, however well this committee discharges its functions, it is impossible not to offend foreign buyers who, having competed in the open market for a work of art, do not always understand why, at the last moment, an export licence is refused.

'The prospects for the future are good. Not only are prices higher, but London has regained its initiative. It was a London firm that was engaged by the Egyptian Government to catalogue and organise the sale of ex-King Farouk's collections in Cairo recently. We can now import from almost anywhere in the world, and we can likewise sell anywhere.

This new freedom, together with the low commission and the traditions of the London art market, should enable us to retain our position, a position which after the post-war restrictions we have now once more consolidated'.

OLD STREET SIGNS IN NORWICH

'The history of trade signs', said CECIL A. MEADOWS in Midlands Miscellany, 'is as old as trading itself and, though the necessity for them has passed, you can still see many of them in the streets of our older towns, an empty bracket here perhaps and there an isolated sign. I want to tell you about a few interesting examples which still survive in my own city of Norwich. Also about some of those that have vanished but which are still remembered or recorded.

'The pride of place must go to a life-sized figure of a Highlander, dressed very splendidly in the uniform of the Black Watch, the 42nd Royal Highland Regiment. He stands outside a tobacconist's in London Street and holds a snuff horn in his left hand. The use of a Highlander as a tobacconist's sign goes back some 200 years to the shop of David Wishart in London. Why a Highlander? The sign also indicated a Jacobite *rendez-vous*, and this was often, naturally enough, at a tobacconist's.

'Near to this Scotsman is a massive grasshopper which stands on the top of a grocery store. It is now somewhat the worse for wear having been in that position for more than 150 years. An old billhead shows the grasshopper standing on a bed of grass, and it owes its origin as a grocer's sign to that Norfolk worthy, Sir Thomas Gresham, who became a wealthy merchant in London and whose crest was a grasshopper.

'Of the many pestles and mortars of the apothecaries one still remains, a half section gilded and mounted high up on the shop wall in Exchange Street. Opposite is an old sign, which has for safety's sake been taken inside the shop. This is a delightful golden figure of Justice, with her eyes bandaged in the traditional manner. The figure has been the trade sign of a firm of scalemakers and many

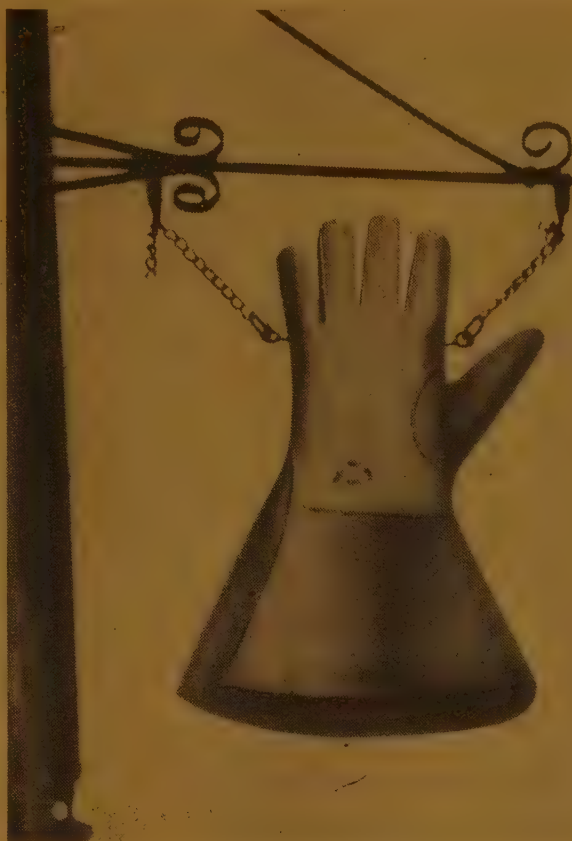
years ago used to adorn their former premises in Elm Hill.

'In our folk museum in the Strangers' Hall many other old signs have fortunately been preserved. There is the beautiful golden fleece of a tailor, generally known as Skoyle's Lamb, after its one-time owner, and a huge golden teapot of a bygone grocer, which if it were real would take at least a couple of gallons to fill it.

'In this museum there is a golden eagle, about three feet high, carrying a pearl in its beak. This was the sign of a goldsmith, though it ended its days less picturesquely as a grocer's sign. A large golden butterfly belonging to a taxidermist, a huge golden plane of a tool maker, and many more go to make up this collection. Outside the museum, and still in position in a small side street, may be seen a circular saw. This ancient sign, which decorates a tool merchant's, had to be moved higher up the building when a passing furniture van removed some of its teeth.

'Higher up this same street a large, golden glove hung outside a glovers and outfitters until recently. It was taken down during alterations to the shop front, and I am sure my fellow citizens hope that it will be restored to its old home when the alterations are complete.

'In the Haymarket, a shop which is now a provision merchants formerly sold ironmongery for four centuries. The sign, which has now disappeared, was a golden pipe. The pipe was a long one, of the



A glover's sign at Norwich

churchwarden variety, and it was used because tobacco as well as ironmongery was sold—quite a common combination in the eighteenth century. Parson Woodforde mentions the shop in his diary, and long after the sale of tobacco was given up a huge snuff box, filled daily, reposed on the counter for the benefit of customers'.

THE GREAT SKUA

Two bird sanctuaries in the Shetlands, at Herma Ness and Noss have been set aside as nature reserves. One of the rare creatures that is to be seen there is the Great Skua. BASIL WISHART spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The two new nature reserves', he said, 'have been protected for many years by the Royal Society for the Protection of Wild Birds, with the active co-operation of the landlords, and the best evidence of the society's success is to be found at Herma Ness, where the Great Skua—the bonxy as it is called in Shetland—has been saved from extinction. Half a century ago there were two or three pairs breeding, but now the number is well into three figures.

'Herma Ness is a heather-clad promontory on the northernmost edge of Britain's northernmost island—Unst. Deep heather covers the hills where the bonxies breed and the hills lead up to cliff tops where one can look downwards over the rows of nesting gannets, guillemots, gulls, and puffins to the seaswept rocks where seals bask on sunny days.

'The island of Noss enjoys an even more spectacular setting, for it is within a few miles of the town of Lerwick. Cross the harbour in a ferry-boat, walk to the other side of the island of Bressay and there, across a narrow sound, lies Noss. The shepherd who lives on the isle in summer will ferry you across in a small but seaworthy rowing boat, and then the route is uphill, across the breeding grounds of the skua, to the cliffs. A walking-stick is essential, not as an aid to hill climbing, but for warding off the dive-bombing attacks of the skuas, who resent an invasion of their territory.

'From a shoulder near the summit the scene is unforgettable. The great rock wall of Noss towers above you, dropping sheer to the sea, 600 feet below, and the whole of it is alive with birds. Not a cranny seems unoccupied, and yet the sky is teeming with thousands more. Each species forms a colony of its own, and year by year the birds return to the cliffs of Noss. Year after year they afford delight to many and it is right that they and their homes should be protected as part of our national heritage'.

WATER FOR SALE

In the course of a talk in the Home Service about the Food and Agriculture Organisation which celebrates the tenth year of its useful life this year GEORGE MULGRUE, who is Chief of its Information Service, said: 'I should like to tell you a rather amusing story about water that one of our experts told me the other day when he came back to Rome from a job in Syria. This expert—his name is Burdon, and he is an Irishman—was asked to do something for the people of Rouad, which is a small island off the coast, opposite the town of Tartous in Syria.

'It appeared that until 1953, the people of Rouad relied entirely on rainwater, stored in underground cisterns during the winter. They did get just a little brackish water from shallow wells, but usually additional water had to be brought across from Tartous. And this was expensive.

'Burdon made a geological examination, and he decided that one

could get good water by striking deep artesian wells under the island. And he was right. At about 700 feet down he struck good water, which came up to the surface at a rate of over 1,000 gallons an hour. The islanders were delighted.

'But that was not all. Apparently the water was not only good to drink but it was also medicinal, and when Burdon went back again the islanders reported thirty-seven cured of bladder stone. He was also led aside and told confidentially that it was rather good for virility. In fact, he says, he believes that it is now bottled and sold in the streets of Tartous, where not long ago the Rouadians had been forced to buy their drinking water.

'Later the government drilling rig that had been used on Rouad had to be taken to Tartous for repairs. The Governor seized the opportunity, and more or less impounded the rig until it was agreed to drill for him too. Fortunately water was found there also, by Burdon's locally trained assistant, and Burdon says it only remains to be seen if this has medicinal properties, too. He feels that local pride and faith can probably work more wonders than chemical composition.

'I think it is rather a pleasant little story, but the point of it for

me is that the second well was drilled by Burdon's locally trained assistant. Because training people to help themselves is just exactly what F.A.O. is trying to do. It really is not much good going to a country and starting something that is going to collapse when you leave. And so most of our technical experts—and we have about 400 of them in the field at the moment—are not only technicians and missionaries but they are teachers, too.

'Our experts come from all over the world, and go to a great diversity of places. Among our team in India, for instance, are a Swiss, a Swede, a Dane, a Norwegian, an Icelandic, two Australians, and an Irishman. There are an Indian, a Pakistani, a German, and a Dutchman in Iran. In Colombia we have an Austrian, a

Dutchman, an Indian, a Spaniard, a Finn, and an Argentinian. And there are Englishmen and Americans everywhere. It is real international co-operation, on the ground, where it is wanted. And how can you possibly have a war with someone who is in your country, helping you to grow more food to feed your children?'



The Great Skua, which is found on the Nature Reserve of Herma Ness, in the Shetland Islands

Eric Hosking

NERO AND THE ICE-CREAM ALLIANCE

ARTHUR TATTERSALL described in 'Radio Newsreel' a conference on ice-cream held recently in Southport. 'Delegates', he said, 'were offered the choice of porridge, cereals, or fruit, in each case with ice-cream. The second course came in looking for all the world like a poached egg and sausage. But the pale yellow yolk turned out to be coloured ice-cream—the white was vanilla—and the brown of the sausage skin was yet another flavour. We all enjoyed the meal; but that did not stop most of us from continuing with a more orthodox breakfast of real bacon and egg, and hot coffee.

'What the Ice-Cream Alliance is trying to establish is that ice-cream is a food to be eaten by adults as well as children, all the year round, and at any time. They trace its history back to the Emperor Nero, who is said to have set a fashion of eating sweetened and flavoured snow brought down from the mountains by fast runners. The way modern manufacturers have developed their technique from such elementary beginnings is shown at an exhibition held in connection with the conference. On display are all the implements used to make ice-cream, from the smallest tuppenny cone to the special birthday cakes which are the pride of the trade. There are lollipop freezers, special mixers, all sorts of flavourings, biscuits, and the soft drinks which often go with ice-cream'.

The Englishness of English Art

Hogarth and Observed Life

The second of seven Reith Lectures by NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

IT is almost impossible to talk about art unless one can show illustrations at the same time. Hogarth is to some extent an exception to this rule. One can present many of the salient points about him just by describing a few of his pictures. That is due to one particular trait in his art, and that particular trait contributes more than anything else to his outstanding Englishness.

Of the Englishness of Hogarth there can be no doubt. Time and again he has gone out of his way to parade it. He went abroad only once—to France—and a fellow traveller says that 'wherever he went, he was sure to be dissatisfied with all he saw'. He 'was often clamorously rude' in the streets. He signed a letter to the press 'Britophil' and complained in it of 'foreign interlopers', and he dissuaded young artists from travelling to Italy because it would 'seduce the student from nature'.

What did Hogarth call nature? He is most famous for his series of paintings and engravings, such as the 'Marriage à la Mode' or 'Four Stages of Cruelty'. But he began as a painter of what are called conversation-pieces, small groups of people joined together in conversation or some other action. Among his early paintings there is also one of a parliamentary commission sitting in judgement over a gaoler who had ill-treated prisoners in Newgate Prison. That is a kind of pictorial newspaper report—and an extremely early case of that sort of topical illustration in paint. But Hogarth saw that he could not make enough money out of conversation pieces. So he tried his hand at—I am quoting him—'what the puffers in books call the great style of History Painting'. But he did not succeed in 'this grand business' and so, he says: 'I turned my mind to a novel trade, the painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or any age'. Such subjects, he wrote, would 'both entertain and improve the mind' and 'bid fair to be of the greatest public utility'. And so, at the age of thirty-six, he came out with 'The Harlot's Progress', soon to be followed by 'The Rake's Progress', and then all the others.

This decision of Hogarth has several aspects of special interest to us. One is the almost complete absence in all English art of the so-called Grand Manner, the large, monumental, rhetorical painting of religious or mythological subjects which plays so predominant a part in the art of the Baroque, that is the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries in Italy or France or southern Germany. As for the Baroque style in religious art, Hogarth knew the reason for its absence in England very well. He says: 'Religion, the great promoter of this style, rejected it in England'. That is: England is a protestant country, and there is no demand for much painting in churches. But the character of the English was against it too. That should not surprise you; for understatement, or reticence, or whatever you choose to call it, is nowadays universally regarded as typically English. But there is yet more to it; the distrust of the Grand Manner is based on common sense, on reason. Lord Shaftesbury, the great philosopher who died when Hogarth was sixteen, had written: 'You cannot successfully evoke, if you don't believe'. And Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, by far the most Baroque and grandest of native English painters, in the margins of an extremely interesting drawing published some years ago by Professor Wind, has argued the case for and against the Grand Manner and a truthful representation of what actually happened.

The event he was going to paint was the landing of George I in England in 1714. The annotations to the sketch start like this: 'First of all, it was night'. So that he could not keep anyway. And then people would have to appear who were by this time in disgrace, the



'The Second Stage of Cruelty', from Hogarth's 'Four Stages of Cruelty'

dress the King wore was 'not graceful or enough worthy of him', and so on. But in the end Thornhill reached a decision in favour of a moderate realism and not the Grand Manner.

His son-in-law, Hogarth, would probably not have hesitated to banish the Britannias, the Father-Thameses, the Tyrannic Powers trampled under, and so on—all stock allegories of Thornhill himself and his contemporaries. Hogarth agreed with Dr. Johnson who once said: 'I had rather see the portrait of a dog I know than all the allegories you can show me'. To me this is as irritating as most things the old bully said, but I am afraid it is crushingly English. Fuseli, the brilliant, some-

what sensational Swiss painter who lived in England from his twenty-third year to his death and knew Reynolds as well as Blake, said there was 'little hope of Poetical painting finding encouragement in England. The People are not prepared for it. Portrait with them is everything. Their taste and feelings all go to realities'. So Hogarth took his decision and started his series of 'modern moral subjects', 'to improve the mind'. Such a decision is very much what the Age of Enlightenment might have led to in any country, yet I suggest that there is something specifically English again in the cool self-



'The Tapster': a medieval carving on a misericord in Ludlow Cathedral
National Buildings Record

consciousness of the decision. 'I determined to have a brush at it', Hogarth writes. That is not the way a German or an Italian artist would express himself. This oddly detached attitude to his own creation, this seeming lack of compulsion, is also English, as we shall see later.

Today, what matters is what he painted and how he painted it. Take one single painting and two episodes from one series. First, the painting called 'Strolling Players in a Barn', which was published as an engraving in 1738. The action seems at first complete chaos. The barn is crowded with people and the most heterogeneous things. Jupiter and Cupid, both fully dressed up, are taking down a pair of stockings hanging from a washing line. Juno is rehearsing her part, while the Goddess of Night is mending her stocking. A woman impersonating Jupiter's eagle is feeding a baby with gruel; the saucepan stands on a royal crown. And in the middle you have Chaste Diana also rehearsing. She has on only a chemise and allows you to see her very attractively rounded bosom and her plump thighs.

'Marriage à la Mode'

Now we turn to the 'Marriage à la Mode'. In No. 1, the marriage contract between the son of the earl and the daughter of the city merchant is signed. The two fathers are busy, one with his family tree, the other with financial documents. The young people do not care for one another. The Viscount is looking away from his *fiancée* and taking snuff; the girl is engrossed in a conversation with the young and ardent lawyer, Councillor Silvertongue. In the foreground a dog and a bitch are tied together by a chain and do not seem to enjoy it. Scene 2 is the morning after a party at the house of the young couple. The Viscount had not been present. He has come back from gaming and whoring. You see him sit in a chair, exhausted and also depressed by his losses. A cap and ribbon hang out of his pocket, taken in the night from his female companion. Her Ladyship is *en déshabillé*, also in a chair stretching herself idly. Playing cards and musical instruments lie on the floor. In the adjoining dining-room a servant shuffles about respectfully yawning, and the old steward is leaving with his ledger and a packet of unpaid bills, looking desperately worried.

And so the story goes on. Even the pictures on the walls take part. In the scene of the *Levé*, a picture of Ganymede appears above the Italian castrato singer, Correggio's 'Jupiter embracing Io' hangs above the Viscountess attended by Councillor Silvertongue. In front of this group, incidentally, a black servant boy holds grinningly a statuette of Actaeon, that is of a man with horns on his head.

Here, again, from my particular point of view I have to make several comments. Hogarth was a brilliant painter, one of the naturally most highly endowed painters of eighteenth-century England. The technique in which he tells his stories is of sumptuous fluidity, unhesitating and exuberant. But to him the story mattered more than the art. The purpose of painting is not painting, but the telling of stories with all the incidents which an observant eye can discover any day. They are not embellished; on the contrary—see the 'Strolling Players'—Hogarth has a mischievous pleasure in debunking. And he is never without an eye on the moral to be culled from the stories. In 'The Four Stages of Cruelty' you have Tom Nero as a little boy torturing animals and at the end murdering a girl and being himself dissected. Of these engravings Hogarth wrote: 'If they have in some degree checked the progress of cruelty, I am more proud of having been the author, than I should be of having painted Raphael's cartoons'.

A stupid statement. But what it does establish once again is that Hogarth art is a medium for preaching and that the most effective sermon is the recounting of what the observant eye sees around. Both are English attitudes. The first, preaching, is naturally entirely post-medieval; for in the Middle Ages most art was there to preach anyway; the second, recounting what the eye sees, is eternally English. So my further examples of preaching by means of painting will be from the centuries after Hogarth, my examples of the English as observers come also from the centuries before him. As regards the English tendency to preach and to reform by art, I need only remind you of the flourishing of political caricature in England in Gillray's day, that is about 1800—some time before Daumier in France. Caricature is also connected with English liberty, but that aspect will come our way later in these lectures. Regarding preaching, I can also remind you of the pre-Raphaelites, of Millais' 'Retribution', of Holman Hunt's 'The Awakened Conscience', or of Ford Madox Brown's picture 'Work', with the honest navvies, the rich girl distributing edifying pamphlets, the children in rags, advertisements of the Working Men's College, and in the foreground Carlyle and F. D. Maurice out for a walk. Or might I

mention Ruskin's theory: 'The art of any country is an exact exponent of its ethical life' and also: Painters cannot be great, if 'they are not (in the broad human and ethical sense) Good'.

But the other aspect of Hogarth's art, the vivid rendering of observed life, is even more universally English. First of all nearly all the greatest painting of the British school is either portrait or landscape, Constable and Turner, and the watercolourists from Cozens to Cotman, Gainsborough and Reynolds and Romney and so on. You remember also Frith's 'Derby Day', and 'Paddington Station', and perhaps even such pictures as 'An Experiment with an Air Pump' painted by Joseph Wright of Derby in 1768.

But it is not only in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that we find the English as the keenest observers. We can go back to the Middle Ages and find the same qualities in English art there. You have probably at some time or other been surprised by a strange habit of the illuminators of manuscripts for church use in the later Middle Ages. They may put Jesus Christ into the middle of the page, but the margins are covered with birds and beasts, and little scenes from everyday life, and grotesque caricatures. The Middle Ages called them *babynaries*, that is *babooneries*, or monkey-business. They were beloved by the artists of all countries, and to tolerate them is undeniably medieval rather than English—the naivety which allows the immediate neighbourhood of tragedy and laughter. But if you try to trace the baboonery to its source, you will find that it originated in England. Here it appears already at the height of Gothic nobility, in the middle of the thirteenth century, in the Bible of William Devon, and by 1300 it had become a universal English fashion—just at the moment when the religious representations on the same pages had become most exquisite, sophisticated, and often most exacting in their emotional intensity. But that aspect of English art will come into the open later. As regards the marginal grotesques, take the famous Ormesby and Gorleston Psalters, or the immensely copiously illustrated Queen Mary's Psalter. There you have a ploughman and wrestlers, a man beating down acorns for his pigs, a windmill, hounds chasing hares, and a mock funeral conducted by rabbits—with no more decorum than Hogarth.

Once you have spotted this English keenness on the everyday world observed, you will notice it also in the misericords or pity-seats of choir stalls carved from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, and in the delightful little scenes on the capitals or roof bosses of thirteenth-century cathedrals, at Wells, at Lincoln and so on. Or go yet further back to about 1140, and you come to such details of English Norman sculpture as the grave-diggers on one of the two big reliefs at Chichester Cathedral which once belonged to a chancel screen. Finally, back another sixty years, and you reach the Bayeux Tapestry now recognised as an English work of about 1080. Here the story itself is told with an amazing wealth of incident—soldiers wading in the water, their surcoats tucked up high, a sailor looking out from the top of a mast, the roast served on long spits—and on the top and bottom margins of the long strip which tells the story, you find a ploughman again, and what seems to be an act of indecent assault, and a huntsman blowing his horn. No Continental country has anything like these riches of observed life in medieval art.

Incidentally, a friend of mine, a German scholar, has just, after nearly twenty years of research started publishing a five-volume collection of the evidence on English medieval art found in chronicles and so on, and he tells me this: The English sources, especially in the twelfth century, as against those of other countries, 'are characterised by a far more vivid description with occasional criticism and even an occasional joke'. He stresses specially the fire at Croyland Abbey, the fire and rebuilding at Canterbury Cathedral, and Jocelyn de Brakelonde's description of monastic life, at Bury St. Edmund's.

Concern of the English with Realities

If I might now widen our field for a moment, any history of philosophy will show you the firm and lasting concern of the English with realities and facts rather than ideals and systems. That starts with Roger Bacon right back in the thirteenth century who wrote that nothing can be sufficiently known without experience. It goes on to Francis Bacon in the Elizabethan Age, whom Voltaire called the father of experimental philosophy. He wrote this: 'Those who determine not to conjecture and guess but to find out and know . . . must consult only things themselves'. And so it goes on to the utilitarian philosophers of the nineteenth century.

However, I must not give way to the temptation of talking about

The Life and Art of Albrecht Dürer, by Erwin Panofsky, was originally published in two volumes in America in 1943 and was last issued in 1948. Princeton University Press has now reissued the work in a portable edition. Without sacrifice of any of the text or of the 148 pages of photogravure illustrations, the work has been reduced to one volume by the omission of the Hand List and Concordance. The book provides a portrait not only of Dürer the artist but of Dürer as news illustrator, mathematician, humanist and friend of humanists, publisher and propagandist, educator and scientific innovator. Distributed here by the Oxford University Press, the volume is priced at £3 10s. 0d.

Town Planning and Architecture, 1945-65

Britain's Contribution to Post-war Architecture

H. R. HITCHCOCK gives the last talk in this series

NO period and no country has ever been universally successful in all fields of architecture. As far as posterity is concerned the twelfth century built little but abbeys and castles. Before the seventeenth century produced practically no churches of any consequence. Thus since the war it is not remarkable that Britain's contribution has been in a few types of building only.

The other day I found myself in Coventry standing on the broad balcony of a newly built hotel and looking at a square surrounded on three sides by new department stores and business buildings. I must confess that my first reaction was: 'Can this be England?' The view from the Hotel Leofric was less spectacular than from the roof of the new Istanbul Hilton Hotel in Istanbul, which looks across the Bosphorus at Asia; the square was less architecturally ordered than Perret's at Le Havre—there, as at Coventry, a blitzed central area has been largely rebuilt since the war. But two tall church towers across the way, recalling the historic past of Coventry, are a handsomer sight than Perret's town hall, so far uncompleted, is likely to be, and in any case this square is only about a quarter even of what has already been built in the new urban core of the Warwickshire Detroit.

I am much impressed by the plan for rebuilding Coventry; and most notably by the pedestrian precincts for shopping; these bring into the very heart of the city amenities that have come into being in the United States only in remote suburban shopping centres. Yet I doubt all the same if this is really one of the principal English contributions to architecture of the post-war years. One of the reasons that Coventry stands out so strikingly in the post-war picture is because elsewhere there has been so very little positive achievement, either as regards planning or as regards architecture, in the rebuilding of the urban cores of British cities, whether blitzed or not.

British architectural achievement in the post-war years is none the less real, but it lies largely in other areas of building. It is an interesting and perhaps not a wholly irrelevant historical fact that there are important precedents in the last century for several of the types of building that are most significant when viewed internationally, in the present British architectural scene. Low-cost housing, for example, may almost be said to have had its earliest beginnings in the London of the eighteen-forties. With it there started almost at once, it is amusing and interesting to note, the still unresolved controversy between the merits of tall urban blocks of flats and small terrace houses. Henry Roberts' still extant Streatham Street Houses for Families of 1849 in Bloomsbury (a block of flats despite its name) had many virtues in its day, nor are those virtues all outmoded even yet. Less can be said for the somewhat later blocks of flats in London that Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Peabody Trust sponsored, but they roused the notable championship of Charles Dickens. I do not hesitate, remembering that early championship, to come out equally flatly for flats, if the pun may be pardoned, at least for much housing in central urban areas.

The rehousing of the British nation since the war, a large proportion of it in outlying suburbs or New Towns, is of course a remarkable statistical feat. It has not been, could not have been expected to be, a feat that was successful in all its aspects. It seems to me that what has been most undeniably successful are the tall urban apartment blocks.

These are no novelty on the London scene, as I have noted, even if they are considerably taller, as also vastly superior both technically and architecturally, than those of 100 years ago. In London there are several examples of especially high quality which compare most favourably with similar blocks in other parts of the world. The London terrain hardly offers the spectacular mountain background of the forty-eight tall blocks of the Cerro Piloto development at Caracas, which has been built by the Venezuelan housing authority, the Banco Obrero; but in many ways a more proper comparison in terms of amplitude of accommodation and quality of finish would be with the Banco Obrero's middle-income block at Caracas, the Cerro Grande. Here in London

both private architectural firms and a bureaucratic governmental agency have made major contributions. This varied type of responsibility, which one does not find under more authoritarian regimes, may itself be considered a British, or perhaps an Anglo-Saxon, characteristic, even though it has not conduced to much notable achievement of late years in the United States.

Seen by more people, I suppose, than any other scheme including tall blocks in London, is the extensive Pimlico housing development known as Churchill Gardens, designed by the architects Powell and Moya for the Westminster City Council. This has been under construction for almost ten years now, and the end is far from being in sight. One point of interest in this long campaign is the very considerable improvement in the quality of the design, and even more notably in the quality of the execution, since the first blocks were built.

The most interesting block to me, and the one that I find most worth while comparing with the best tall blocks in other countries, is that which runs along Lupus Street,



De Quincey House, part of Churchill Gardens, the Pimlico housing development designed for the Westminster City Council

called De Quincey House. This does not have one-floor apartments, but is a pile, so to say, of maisonettes, that is two-storey dwellings. The dwellings are approached from access galleries and each constitutes a little house in its own right with its own front door. There are obvious social advantages in this, but what is of more relevance in this discussion is that there are very real architectural advantages also. The earlier tall blocks at Churchill Gardens, nearer the river, offer no visual expression in their façades of the fact that they are a grouping together of dwellings; they might equally well be giant rooming houses, hotels, or something of that sort, the walls providing merely a more or less regular pattern of individual windows broken only by the stair-towers. In De Quincey House, on the other hand, there are definite indications where each dwelling begins and ends, so that each dwelling is a separate visual entity. Thanks to the inset access galleries there is a considerable plastic, that is to say three-dimensional, interest such as the continuous wall planes of the earlier blocks cannot provide. This three-dimensional play corresponds to the treatment, or certain aspects of the treatment, of what is the most famous and doubtless also the finest of all post-war tall housing blocks, Le Corbusier's Unité d'Habitation in Marseilles. I think, on the whole, Powell and Moya have in this particular matter really scored. The separateness of their maisonettes is much more clearly legible from the exterior than in the case of the French ones. The later tall blocks that have followed in the Pimlico development further to the west have somewhat different qualities; they are, as I have said, better built, and another

quality they possess which is important in urban housing is that they group rather more successfully. The relationship between the tall slabs and the lower blocks between is more effectively handled than in the earlier portion of the scheme at the other end of the site. However, so much remains to be done at Pimlico that it is premature to consider now the layout as a whole.

Another London scheme in Paddington by Messrs. Drake and Lasden has been from the first much more clearly organised as a whole. A finer site, with many

large trees, encouraged a rather formal layout but a layout which is amply justified by the character of the enclosed central spaces thus created. The tall blocks at Paddington are more mannered in the treatment of their façades, particularly on the outside. The bold handling of the galleries provides an effect of over-all pattern rather than giving emphasis to the individual dwellings as at Pimlico. The relationship between the blocks of different heights is more familiar and readily graspable because a principle of symmetry dominates the whole. This produces a kind of grandeur, if that be the word, appropriate to the scale of the big blocks when considered as monumental units rather than as piles of small dwellings.

Perhaps the most interesting of all new work in this field is that being done by the Architect's Office of the London County Council. This includes a whole series of estates, largely in the Putney district, with tall apartment towers as well as low ranges of two-storey terraces and intermediate four-storey blocks. The tallest blocks of all are those now reaching completion on the Loughborough Road Estate in Brixton. These eleven-storey slabs are, for me at least, the finest housing blocks built so far in England. They can justly be compared with Le Corbusier's work at Marseilles and at Nantes. There the second of his tall blocks, the *Maison Radieuse*, is distinctly inferior to the first at Marseilles, the *Unité*, and inferior also, I think, to what the London County Council is achieving at Loughborough Road.

As at Pimlico, the Loughborough Road tall blocks distinguish clearly, the individual maisonettes of which they are made up. Although the upper storeys are not brought forward as in *De Quincey House*, the lines of the balconies traversing the façade every two storeys clearly indicate the separateness of the dwelling, within the larger unity of the block as a whole. Moreover, these projecting elements of balconies and connecting vertical members give again that sort of vigorous plastic interest which is lacking in so many tall housing blocks throughout the world.

School building in Britain has no



An artist's impression of the London County Council's Loughborough Road Estate in Brixton when completed, showing the eleven-storey housing blocks

such notable early history as low-cost housing. But the device of prefabrication, which has attracted world-wide attention to the post-war schools of Hertfordshire, does. Paxton's Crystal Palace of 1851 remains the most notable large-scale example of prefabrication. But in the late eighteen-forties and early eighteen-fifties British firms were also purveying prefabricated structures to various parts of the New World and to the Antipodes. As far as I know, this did not include schools; but houses, warehouses, shops, lighthouses,

and even churches, as well as—curiously enough—a ballroom that the Prince Consort ordered for Balmoral. Except for the Crystal Palace, the architectural interest of these structures was rather slight.

It is to the particular credit of the Hertfordshire County Architect's office that the system they have devised is sufficiently elastic, both as employed by themselves and by other private firms who have been called in to do schools there, that the results are not excessively standardised. Various finishes on the prefabricated concrete slabs, various approaches to organisation of the school complex permit a good deal of variety both in composition and in detail.

These schools are difficult to mention by name; no particular examples are necessarily more outstanding than others. But the system and its results are certainly of world interest. The results, indeed, measure up with even the finest schools built in other countries, such as Barthelmé's in Texas. They have also had considerable effect on the general level of school building throughout the country. Not only has the actual Hertfordshire system been used in other places, but it is very evident that the standards established there have led other counties to raise theirs. One might mention, for example, the new school in Putney for the London County Council by Powell and Moya. Structurally this has nothing to do with the Hertfordshire system, and being on a rather restricted site it consists largely of multi-storey blocks. Quite different from this firm's housing blocks in Pimlico, it is of comparable quality. Another school on an entirely different system that is of distinct interest is the one built at Hunstanton in Norfolk by Alison and Peter Smithson. For this a welded steel frame is used and blocks of several storeys. The tightly organised plan round two courts with a two-storey auditorium between is perhaps somewhat too formally ordered. But the clarity of the resultant building and its economy in ground space contrasts with a certain tendency to excessive articulation, not to say sprawl, in some of the earlier Hertfordshire examples. No one wants to see the monumentality of the schools of the earlier twentieth century brought back,



The Marchwood Power Station, Hampshire: the gable end of the turbine house (consulting civil engineers, Sir William Halcrow and Partners)

By courtesy of the Cape Asbestos Co., Ltd.

but it is not the least interest of some of the later applications of the prefabricated system that they show that it can be, as appropriately applied to carefully organised multi-storey structures as to one-storey groupings, which at times have suggested the temporary domestic prefabs of the mid-forties.

England was the first home of the Industrial Revolution and in the late eighteenth century and the early nineteenth century industrial building was often of a rather high order both technically and architecturally. As late as the eighteen-fifties architects of some distinction were employed, at least occasionally, for factories. Somehow or other in the latter part of the last century this tradition died out. There is some reason to hope that it is at last being revived in Britain. The scale of industrial building in Britain has been more modest than in the United States. Post-war production, so far, has not reached so high a level as English schools and tall housing blocks. I saw the other day, however, an industrial building in construction which, in its enormous scale, can hardly be equalled elsewhere in the world.

The Marchwood Power Station for the Southern Division of the Central Electricity Authority, by Farmer and Dark, stands across the river from Southampton on a fine, open site. Already one of its great chimneys and a good two-thirds of the vast, half-open, metal structure rise with a new sort of monumental grandeur quite different from the solid blockiness of the power stations clad in masonry built before the war. If the factories of the New Towns are mostly small and humble, partly perhaps because of the segregated peripheral sites they have generally been assigned, this stands proud and assured; and one may assume, on the strength of such other new work by this firm as the plant of the Loewy Engineering Co. at Poole, that when finished it will live up to its present promise and introduce a new scale of industrial building into the English scene.

It is characteristic of the economic and social morality of modern Britain that the fields of achievement and the fields of promise are also fields of high social utility. So far, at least, the business community on its own has shown no capacity to vie with those of the United States, the Latin-American countries, or Italy in employing architects of high talent to house their activities in a worthy fashion. One turns to Pittsburgh to Harrison and Abramovitz's Alcoa Building or to Caracas to Vegas and Galia's Edificio Polar to see what is most advanced, and also most accomplished, in the way of big, urban, business structures. A Canadian not a Scottish distiller is employing Mies van der Rohe to build his business headquarters.

The conditions of the post-war years have not been conducive to developing personal architectural expression in Britain. No such highly emotional architecture as Le Corbusier's chapel at Ronchamp, more like a vast sculptural object than any ordinary structure, has even been dreamed of here, except perhaps by Reg Butler, an architect turned sculptor. Post-war conditions have conduced to emphasise the more social and practical aspects of British architectural talent. The immediate post-war years have seen no Vanbrughs or Soanes, nor even any Shaws or Lutyenses. Only too evidently there are major creative aspects of the British architectural tradition which are at present almost completely in abeyance. Some insist that the conditions of the twentieth-century world dictate such a narrowing of architectural possibilities and that the day of the great creative artist in building is therefore over. I do not think this is so. Above the post-war foundations, so worthily laid, I think the next decade will begin to see again examples of more intense and more personal achievement; these may well illustrate aspects of British architectural potentialities to rival the Wrights and the Niemeyers of the New World, the Le Corbusiers and the Aaltos of the Old.—*Third Programme*

Wines of Germany

By TERENCE PRITTIE

THE Germans had not yet become wine connoisseurs in the Middle Ages, although they had coined a jingle about Bacharach on Rhine, Klingenberg on Main, and Würzburg on the Stein—where one could drink the finest wine. The development of wine-drinking into an art seems, indeed, to have happened by pure chance. Sitting snugly beneath the Taunus Mountains and facing due south across the Rhine is the hill of Johannisberg. Once it was the property of the Abbot of Fulda. One year, legend has it, he forgot to order the vintage at the usual time. The sun continued to shine fiercely, drawing the moisture out of the grapes and shrivelling them up. At the same time a tiny fungoid growth, the *Botrytis Cinerea*, got to work on its own. Between them, sun and fungus reduced the full, fat grapes to dried-up raisins. The Abbot was furious. They were picked in a great hurry and they made a great wine. He was the first to discover that the extra days of sunshine gave grapes extra sweetness, delicacy, and bouquet. He was the unintentional inventor of the *Spätlese*, or late picking, the *Auslese*, or selected picking, and the final glory of the *Trockenbeerenauslese*, made from the latest picking of all from chosen grapes.

Today, picking is as complicated as any military campaign. Admittedly

the bulk of the grapes is picked when the vintage takes place—in fact, after being left as long as limited labour resources and the weather allow. But, at the same time, parts of the vineyard are set aside for the

Spätlese and for the *Auslese* and the best-grown bunches are selected for the Beeren and Trockenbeerenauslese. These bunches may not, in a particularly good year, be picked until late November, and they will make wonderful wines. There have already been four great post-war years, 1945, 1947, 1949, and 1953.

Germans whom I know are surprised that their wine phraseology causes so much consternation to foreigners. Good years speak for themselves. So do the names of famous and good wines. An 'Original-abfüllung' entails merely the bottling of the wine by the people who grew it. An 'Abfüllung' will show which firm—almost always reputable—has carried this out. Then there are the titles of nobility, beginning with the *Spätlese*. Germans find nothing confusing about a label like 'Wehlener Sonnenuhr. Trockenbeerenauslese 1953. Originalabfüllung Johann Josef Pruem'. But they may not be rich enough to buy the bottle. 'Quality' as opposed to 'plain' wine can be expensive, and this particular wine could cost 60 marks in a German restaurant or £10 from a London wine-merchant. At auctions, too, the best German



Wine harvest in the southern Rhineland

wines are now fetching high prices. Thus a 1952 Deidesheimer Hohenmorgen grown by the Bassermann-Jordan family in the Rhine-Pfalz was recently auctioned at Trier for 62 marks a bottle, and a 1950 Wachenheimer Gerümpel, grown by Dr. Bürklin-Wolf, for 50 marks. It is difficult to obtain an unblended 1953 German wine in London for under 10s.—just about what one must pay for the wine two ranks higher, the *Auslese*, in Germany.

Some of the names of German wines are weird and comical. There is the Wachenheimer Gerümpel, or 'Dustbin', the Forster Ungeheuer, or 'Monster', the 'Sundial' of Wehlen and the 'Bare Backside' of Kröv. A number of wines have '*Herrgottsacker*', or 'The Lord God's Acre' tacked on to the names of the localities where they are grown. Best known abroad of course is the Liebfraumilch, or 'Our Lady's Milk' which is sold in bulk in Britain and America. The name derives from the Liebfrauenstift—a religious foundation in the city of Worms. It has been 'annexed' by hundreds of other growers, and as long ago as 1910 the Chambers of Commerce in Worms decided that the name could be used for all Rhine-Hesse wines 'of good quality and pleasant taste'.

Rhine-Hesse is an area roughly enclosed in the triangle Mainz-Bingen-Worms and is the biggest and most productive of all German wine-districts. Liebfraumilch is sometimes clandestinely produced outside this area, and in 1951 a merchant on the nearby river Nahe was prosecuted for doing this. No one need suppose that the perfectly drinkable Liebfraumilch which he tastes is a quality wine. This fact is generally appreciated by connoisseurs, but Federal Chancellor Dr. Adenauer had a surprising experience on the occasion of his first visit to London. He brought with him a present of some choice bottles of Ruwer wine for Sir Winston Churchill, Maximin Grünhäuser 1949 Beerenauslese. In return he was served with Liebfraumilch at the official banquet given in his honour. Dr. Adenauer is a connoisseur of German wines, Sir Winston of brandy.

The domineers of wine-drinking have laid down endless rules and precepts for its drinking. A German white wine, they say, should be served cooled but not iced. It can be drunk with fish, with white meat, and dessert. Its flavour and bouquet can be spoiled by a pre-dinner cocktail or by that more obviously pernicious cigarette between courses. It should not be served with spiced food, and the glass should be only half-filled so as to give the drinker's nose as much enjoyment as his palate. The German prefers drinking his wine on its own. A good wine, he believes, is something to sit over and to appreciate without hurry or masticatory distraction. It should be drunk to the time-honoured ritual of raising the glass, toasting the drinking companion, sniffing, savouring, rolling the wine round the mouth, toasting again, and lowering the glass. Germans are mildly surprised by all gulpers of wine: they are appalled by the sight of English and American tourists adding ice or even lumps of sugar. This makes credible to them the story of that American general who called for soda-water in order to 'pep up' a Brauneberger Jufferl Beerenauslese which had been grown with tender care by the Schorlemer family.

The post-war has been mainly a prosperous time for German wine growers. Nineteen-forty-five would have been a wonderful year but the vintage was small. Almost overnight the bulk of the labour—imported foreign workers—disappeared. There was hardly any transport and



Wine festival at Zell, in the valley of the Moselle

Illustrations: German Tourist Information Bureau

a multiplication of pests owing to the absence of sprays. Octogenarians turned out to help bring the grapes in, and many growers are justly proud of the wines they somehow managed to make in that year. The 1946 vintage was poor, the 1947 excellent if still small. The 1949 vintage was fine, in spite of pests and late spring frosts. But it was small and produced only 30,000,000 gallons: 1949 wines will soon be virtually unprocurable. Over 65,000,000 gallons were made in both 1950 and 1951 but few of the wines were of good quality. Nineteen-fifty-two was a good year, with 58,000,000 gallons and plenty of excellent individual wines; 1953 was a great year, and 1954 dismal in the extreme. The only motto for 1954 is 'Stick to Liebfraumilch—imagine it for what it is'. The lack of 1954s has meant that the 1953s are being drunk up at a great pace. This, indeed, is emphasised by a change in German taste. Once it was usual to keep a wine with any individuality for at least two years before drinking it. This practice was already being modified before the war. Fewer private homes had cellars; more flats were being built; central heating, which is injurious to the keeping of wine, was becoming the rule. Most Germans were desperately short of money until after the 1948 currency reform. Since then they tend to spend in a hurry. Sadly, the connoisseur is not generally as rich as he used to be,

and the new-rich are never connoisseurs. Yearly consumption has jumped from five pints a head pre-war to thirteen pints today, and all too much of this wine is being bought 'green' and drunk far too young.

The German wine industry has other worries. High costs of production necessarily restrict exports, for German wines simply cannot compete with those of France in price or popularity. Exports have indeed doubled to a figure of around 1,000,000 gallons a year but they are still forty per cent. less than in 1913. Twice as much was sold then to the United States, owing to the number of first-generation Americans of German parentage. Germany still imports far more wine than she exports, and her production is only one per cent. of the world total. Growers are less worried by this than by the deteriorating labour situation. One grower told me that the average age of workers on his estate is now over sixty. Young workers drift to the towns in order to get higher wages. Even so, production costs have risen by thirty per cent. in the last three years and are now five times as high as in Mediterranean countries. The Federal Ministry of Agriculture is planning to introduce a rationalisation programme, to have vines planted farther apart in order to increase yield, and to spread the system of communal cellaring which is already current in Baden and Württemberg.

The battle against pests, again, is endless. More than two-thirds of the German vineyards have had to be totally or partly 'cleansed' since the war, at a maximum cost of 10,000 marks an acre. Extensive experiments are being made by the Federal Institute at Geilweiler Hof in the Pfalz, and it is hoped to breed a grape which will ripen four weeks earlier than the aristocratic Riesling and will be proof against pests. This grape has already been tried out in four places with fair results.

Yet the troubles of the German wine industry need prevent no one from enjoying its products. Interest in wine will take the traveller to some of the most lovely areas of Germany, to the Rhine and Moselle valleys, the *Weinstrasse* through the Pfalz, or the so-called 'Romantic Road' through the Franconian uplands where the dry, earthy wine of

the district is served in squat *Bocksbeutel* flasks. It will take him on the Ruhr industrialist's favourite week-end drive through the Ahr valley, which produces the best red wine in Germany, to the mills round Freiburg where he can try the fiery white wines of the Kaiserstuhl, and to the Nahe with its 'Schiller' or shimmering *vin rosé*. It may take him to Johannisberg, which was bombed by British airmen who mistook it for the Germania-Denkmal at Bingen, or to the northernmost vineyards in Europe at Nieder Dollendorf just opposite Bonn, or even to the Main valley where Hocheim inappropriately lends its name to the anglicised version of hock.

The wine lands are full of history, with their castles, churches, and abbeys and the great vats of Heidelberg and Königstein which were constructed for medieval sieges. More important, it will introduce him to wine-growers and wine-drinkers who are, respectively, the most generous and the most sensible people in Germany. And they will be able to help him enjoy the subtle differences of fruity Rheingau and

Rhine-Hesse wines, delicate and fragrant Moselles, steely wines of Saar and Ruwer, and the balanced warmth of those of the *Weinstrasse*. These people keep alive the old traditions of the *Weinzerfesten* at vintage time, with the more bucolic merriment of the 'sausage feast' in Bad Dürkheim and similar occasions. It was close to Bad Dürkheim that twenty-four noblemen drank 174 quarts of wine at a single sitting in 1490.

'Every child born into the world', wrote André Simon, 'opens its mouth to shout. It shouts for a drink and it gets it. This is liable to become a habit which many men never lose'. I should say it was a good habit, when exercised with discretion, and need never be associated with cheap and nasty beverages, with the depressing habit of drinking in order to get drunk, and with that other habit of 'going round the corner' because 'there is nothing in the house'. German wine may explain part of the German character—the best part, I should say. It is certainly an integral part of German civilisation.

—Third Programme

A Trio of Underestimated Virtues—I

GEOFFREY GRIGSON on Independence

POET, painter, journeyman engraver, William Blake is for me the hero and the embodiment of the heavenly virtue of independence. He was a Londoner: walk up behind Piccadilly Circus into Broad Street, and a plaque on one of the houses (rather a mean building) tells you where Blake was born and began his career. Walk a bit further and a plaque in Poland Street indicates another of the houses in which this saintly independent Londoner followed his trade and his vocation.

In this crowded area of London parallel to Regent Street or between Piccadilly Circus and Oxford Street, then, as now, an area of small workshops and businesses and homes on the first floor or the second, in this worldliness at the very centre I think of Blake passing much of his life, subject to the pressures of ordinary living, ordinary society, not caring who was in, who was out, what was fashionable, what was unfashionable, indifferent through his days to wealth and power, a cockney who did not go with the wind, who was not for sale, who remained always himself.

William Blake would, I suppose, do not only for independence but for all three virtues which are the subject of my talks—virtues, I shall say firmly, now, at the beginning, of which there is not enough, and which are not valued enough, in our present time. Of course, when somebody complains to you of a lack of something in his time, especially if it is something to be desired, a virtue or a moral quality, you must ask how old he is; if you find that, like myself, he is advancing in middle age (I was born in 1905), you may consider you should allow for his increasing conservatism, in the spirit if not politically; his increasing regret for time now packed away.

At any period, in any society, there is never enough of this family party of virtues, my chosen trio or triplets being Independence, Integrity, and Curiosity. Yet would you not confess that independence, integrity, and curiosity are particularly and exactly in danger, in our time, even if they are not exactly scarce? Would you not agree that the powers are now exceptionally strong which tend to make us think timidly and feel timidly and sandpaper our personalities to a common surface and accept the same things as they are, without the awkwardness of enquiry or protest?

We belong to a union, to a federation of employers, to a club; members of this organisation or that, we enforce codes of conduct. One conformity dictates prices and no undercutting, another dictates ideas. Propaganda or advertisement tells us whom to hate and whom to love, whom to reject, whom to accept; what petrol to put in our tanks, what detergent to wash our clothes with, and what breakfast food to put on the table. Forces that work by command and forces that work by suggestion have multiplied, tending, if not to a sameness in ourselves, then to a lack of heavenly independence. The man who lives on his own, for example, by his own independent efforts, becomes a rarer bird altogether. The state, which does not like exceptions, and has to think of everyone as employed by someone, now categorises the man who works on his own as a person 'self-employed'; if the state,

that jellyfish without head or feelers, has its way, you do as you are told for fifty years, then, as one poet has written, hang your hat on a pension. You play safe.

William Blake was one of those men who never played safe, a game, a defeat of personality, which works at a low level in the simplest matters of conduct, in feeling awkward or out of things if you are at all different, or rather in not allowing yourself to be at all different; in behaving always in the way prescribed for you, your kind, your profession, your group by age or by income or by street. Another writer, George Sturt, owned a wheelwright's business in the small Surrey town of Farnham. On his way to business early one morning in the empty streets, so he records in his diary, he found himself altering the style of his walk when he met a customer: his walk suddenly became proper to a Farnham employer and business man; and then, in a flash, this appeared to him a disgraceful weakness, a betrayal of himself, an uncalled-for surrender of his independence.

Neither Blake nor George Sturt, though, was markedly bizarre in person. This is worth mentioning, since, for one reason, smaller elements of personality signify the larger ones. If they were writers, they did not affect whatever in their day would have been a writer's uniform, a beard or corduroys, as it might be at present, a bow tie or a beret, a special elegance or a special slovenliness. Blake became a little soberly old-fashioned in his clothing; but that was another matter, it was oversight or indifference in the midst of his more serious pursuits. One of his few devotees wrote of going with Blake to an exhibition of the Royal Academy. Blake stood there looking at the pictures in a plain black suit and a slightly broad-brimmed, yet not markedly exceptional, hat. His devotee looked at Blake and looked at all the rustling, swelling people around him and said to himself: 'How little you know *who* is among you!' Blake indeed knew that independence and the bizarre have little in common, in dress, habit, thought. One of the two greatest and most independent writers I have been acquainted with myself could be mistaken outwardly for a solicitor in a cathedral town, the other wears the clothes and has the rather effacing private look which would fit the librarian of some learned society.

Genuine peculiarities are one thing, an assumed peculiarity like an art uniform or an excess of assumed, deliberate ordinariness, is quite another. Indeed, I think a first condition of true independence is to know where independence matters and where it does not, where you require *not* to be the same, and where sameness is not merely convenient but normal—normal politeness or easiness of behaviour between human beings, a normal aid to community.

Blake once more: Blake's concern, the real business of his mind and feelings, he must have known from an early age, was with the state of man and with the destiny of man. If he was to see man clearly, if his opinions about man were to be his own, then he had to disregard fashions of thought, he had to resist social pressures which make us conform in too many of our notions and judgements.

He did not wish to be powerful, or to dictate, either of which would

have been denials or sacrifices of his independence. To be given power, you must flatter those who allow you to have power, and then go on flattering them, even more grossly, for fear they will take it away; which is true as much of demagogues, of bosses in the New World or the Old World, as it is of authors. He had no wish, which is not cutting quite the same figure, to be successful. If people would listen to him, if they would read him, look at his paintings, excellent. If not, there were for Blake no short cuts to success or eminence, by giving a louder expression to what is already common thought or prejudice. There was a revivalist preacher who used to say: 'People tell me I rub their fur the wrong way. I say to them, "Turn round"': it would almost have been Blake's attitude, except that he was no preacher and gave no orders; he would have had turning round an act of the conviction and of the independent will in other men.

Not wishing to be powerful or successful, money dictated to him in no excessive way. Living with his wife in rooms in London, he aimed to earn simply what the two required for their daily life. As a journeyman engraver, he worked for print-sellers and publishers, living from job to job, an independent craftsman. Straight-forward earnings, though he was always poor, and no ambition in this way for money enabled him, more easily than if he had enjoyed the independence of wealth, to keep his mind at once his own and a mind of the service of men. He was content; yet it seemed to him that the heart, soul, and brain of man was too much for hire. It seemed to him (and I remember such feelings when I first came to London from a country parish) that the London streets were hired, that even the Thames was hired:

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does
flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.
In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

The forge, the vision of the iron foundry where we contrive our own manacles, appalled him and possessed him; he wrote in another poem:

Cruelty has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face;
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress.
The Human Dress is forged iron,
The Human Form a fiery forge,
The Human Face a furnace seal'd,
The Human Heart its hungry gorge.

So Blake walked in the hired streets of London asking himself throughout his life how cruelty, jealousy, terror, secrecy, can be done away with, how men can shake off their self-imposed slavery, how in room of fog and darkness man can come to light and glad day, to fiery joy, energy, and freedom. And because our faces are pointed in other directions, he walked by himself, which takes courage. When we did turn to look at him, so to say, it was usually to offer insults—to call Blake, as one journalist called him (journalism is not a profession of independent men), 'an unfortunate lunatic whose personal inoffensiveness secures him from confinement'. Blake, in his independence, was saintly, but saints are human and sometimes answer back:

I mock thee not, tho' I by thee am mocked,
Thou call'st me Madman, but I call thee Blockhead.

In general, though, it is the sweetness of Blake's independence which was marked and extraordinary, as well as its strength. Imagine his life: he wrote, he painted, he had through all his days next to no following, no publisher (except himself, printing some of his own books), few people to buy his paintings, few people to listen. Being a writer, being

a painter, like any other state of man, is open to temptations, to play to the cash, to the public who provide the cash, to the reviewers and the critics who influence the public. It is much easier, in those ways, to be a hired author, to be an author for sale, than an author maintaining his independence. Sometimes I have asked how Blake would fare in the London of 1955, which is no less a chartered London than the London of 1805; an unsaleable author, an unsaleable painter, of far less use to a publisher, who is after Books of the Month and Book Society choices; to a literary agent, who is after his ten per cent., to an art dealer, who is after his thirty-three and a third per cent., than a new Elinor Glyn or a society portrait-painter.

For most authors the condition of success is to be what they are not,

to become what others wish them to be, to lose their independence, and by that loss to betray whatever unique quality they were blessed with and might indeed have cultivated. I have lived long enough to know example after example of the young writer who begins independently and honestly and by middle age has become everybody's hack and hireling.

To be sure, the case of writers is rather an extreme one; the degree of independence the writer should maintain inside himself, at any rate, is exceptional. Yet, if that is so, the writer, and the writer such as Blake, only writes extra large for everyone else both the necessity and the nature of independence, its importance as a condition of human clear-sightedness and dignity. If we examine ourselves, at least now and again, do we not find that independence, in the sense of being and remaining ourselves, not falsifying ourselves, is one of the things which give us most satisfaction? Do we not also discover that lack of independence is one of the things we tend to conceal from ourselves, in a degree of shame?

And that particular shame can lead to the false independence of prickliness, awkwardness, contrariness. One of the great Russian novelists, Leskov, wrote an admirable short story of false independence, about an engineer who prided himself on possessing an iron will: he always insisted on being himself outside the bounds, in those areas of life and social intercourse in which we have no right to insist upon independence, and in which it is our business to be as natural, as ordinary, as reasonable, as good-natured, as William

Blake. His false independence, his iron will, cost the engineer wasps in his underclothes, chronic indigestion owing to black tea, and in the end his life. Blake was exactly described by his devotee, Samuel Palmer, as a man without a mask. The mask falsifies. Isn't independence living one's life without fear and without a mask? It is usually the mask of the average, the mask of neighbours. After all, to borrow that curious adjective from the stamp cards of National Insurance, isn't independence to be self-employed, to be employed in those things which matter most of all, by that part of ourselves which makes each of us most distinct, most human, most capable, as Blake would have said, of thinking eternally?—*Home Service*

Printed in Switzerland and distributed over here by Zwemmer, the admirably produced Skira series of art books, 'The Great Centuries of Painting', was planned to range from prehistoric times to the end of the nineteenth century and to trace the evolution of painting in the ancient Mediterranean civilisations and the rise of the great national schools in western Europe. To this series has now been added *The Fifteenth Century: From Van Eyck to Botticelli*. This sumptuous volume, which costs £7 7s. 0d., contains critical and historical studies by Jacques Lassaigue and Giulio Carlo Argan (translated by Stuart Gilbert) and 116 reproductions in full colour. With this volume and those in preparation—one devoted to the High Renaissance, the other to the art treasures of the Early Middle Ages—this cycle of books, which forms nothing less than a comparative history of painting, will come to a close.



William Blake at Hampstead: from a pencil drawing by John Linnell, about 1825

From 'The Life of William Blake' by Mona Wilson (Rupert Hart-Davis)

NEWS DIARY

October 19-25

Wednesday, October 19

It is announced that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to introduce a supplementary Budget on October 26

Atomic Energy Commission in Washington and California University announce discovery of a new atomic particle, the anti-proton

H.M. the Queen invests Dr. Albert Schweitzer, philosopher and theologian, with the Order of Merit

Thursday, October 20

U.S.A. and Canada suggest that an atomic research station should be set up in Asia under the Colombo Plan

Canada places first dollar order for the Bristol Britannia airliner

The Mayor of Moscow arrives in London on a four-day visit

Friday, October 21

H.M. the Queen unveils national memorial statue to King George VI in London

Ceremonies held to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar.

French Government to ask Parliament for a general election in December

Russia calls for debate on disarmament 'without delay' in United Nations Political Committee

Saturday, October 22

Egypt and Syria sign mutual defence agreement

All trade unions in weaving section of cotton industry accept principle of working three shifts every twenty-four hours

Gales cause damage to shipping

Sunday, October 23

In referendum on future of the Saar, the proposed European Statute is rejected by a two to one vote

Three Syrian soldiers killed and six wounded in Israeli frontier raid

Mr. Macmillan arrives in Paris for final preparations for Foreign Ministers' Conference in Geneva

Monday, October 24

Saar Government resigns

Dr. Sharett, Prime Minister of Israel, has talks in Paris with Israel Ambassadors to the four powers over situation created in Middle East by Egypt's purchase of arms from Czechoslovakia

In referendum to elect a Head of State for southern Viet Nam, M. Ngo Dinh Diem obtains big majority over Bao Dai, former Emperor

Tenth anniversary of United Nations celebrated in many countries

Tuesday, October 25

President of Portugal and his wife arrive in London on State Visit

Parliament reassembles

Ministerial Council of Nato meets in Paris



Her Majesty the Queen speaking after unveiling the national memorial statue of King George VI in Carlton Gardens, London, on October 21. The statue shows the late King in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet and over it the mantle and insignia of the Order of the Garter



Dr. Albert Schweitzer, after receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge last Saturday



M. Jean Cocteau, the French writer, giving his address after being admitted to the French Academy on October 20



Rough seas breaking over the front at Hove, Sussex, during last week's gales. Heavy rain caused flooding in



The scene in the Painted Hall of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a dinner to mark the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar on October 21. The occasion was televised (see page 716)



The service of rededication, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, of the restored chapel of Lambeth Palace on October 19. In the right foreground is the Queen; on the left, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret



The Kabaka of Buganda on his way to the ceremony at Kampala on October 18 when he signed the agreement under which he was allowed to return from exile



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Cambridge on October 20 and Her Majesty opened the University's new School of Veterinary Medicine. In this photograph the Queen is watching a horse undergoing an X-ray and cardiograph test in the school



Left: Chang Chung Hua as the Monkey King who invades Heaven, a dramatised fairy-tale in the repertory of the Chinese Classical Theatre which opened a three weeks' season in London on Monday. This is the first time that the company has performed outside China

Citizens of Tomorrow

By J. F. WOLFENDEN

WE are talking about boys and girls—your Betty, David next door, the schoolchildren on the bus, the street-corner boys outside—any and all boys and girls between the age of five and the age of twenty. The King George's Jubilee Trust has just published a report about them, called *Citizens of Tomorrow**. Why? Why should your Betty and the Teddy boys on the corner have a report written about them? And why just now? I think the answer is in the one word 'responsibility'. And if I had to try to describe the theme of this report, or the thread running through it, I should use the word 'responsibility'. If that sounds a rather unexciting and unglamorous theme-word, that does not prevent it from being extremely important, especially just at the present time.

A great many people think that the feeling of responsibility of individuals for individuals, and especially the responsibility of older ones for younger ones, has been appreciably falling off during the last twenty years or so. All sorts of factors have helped to bring this about: the Welfare State, with the mistaken idea that 'the state looks after all that now'; the constantly growing area of everybody's life which is looked after by school meals, family allowances, National Health services, and so on; and the consequent temptation to parents to think that their children's manners, morals, and beliefs are no longer the direct responsibility of their parents.

Unnecessary Self-consciousness?

At the same time there is another side to it. Young people are very much more talked about, lectured at, and generally taken notice of than they used to be. They have been made unnecessarily self-conscious, and some of their elders and betters have come to echo the old schoolmaster's dictum that the best thing for a normal fifteen-year-old is a bit of good healthy neglect. Anyhow, it is not with the idea of flattering the rising generation with undue attention that this Report has been written. The intention was something quite different. Certainly a deep and wide examination of the present facts was an important part of the operation. But that is by no means the whole of the object of the exercise. The essence of it is, in the words of the Jubilee Trust's instructions to its Working Parties, that 'the object is to make practical recommendations as to the upbringing of young people in this country'.

There were four of these Working Parties; one concerned with the years spent at school, one concerned with the influence of employment after leaving school, one with the influences on their leisure time, and the fourth with the period of National Service. These four groups worked separately; but their chairmen met at regular intervals to try to ensure that there were no gaps and no serious overlapping. They consulted an immense number of organisations and individuals—scores of them are listed in an appendix—and they were given a great deal of information which has never been made public before. The four Working Parties have produced separate reports, each in its own field, with the Trust providing an introduction and a brief commentary on the recommendations of the Working Parties. The total result is a report which for comprehensiveness and authority has never, so far as my knowledge goes, been equalled.

Obviously, I cannot hope, in a few minutes, to pick out more than a few of the major points in what has kept thirty-five distinguished people busy for nearly two years and has resulted in more than fifty specific recommendations. So these are only a few samples.

The first concerns the home. Each one of the four Working Parties emphasises, from its particular point of view, the crucial importance of the home and family background against which young people grow up. This shows itself, first, in connection with the school. It is still, unfortunately, true that sometimes for all sorts of reasons home and school pull in different directions. The real solution for this is simply that parents and teachers must get to know each other and each other's ideas better than they do now. A similar point is made about employment and National Service. In the choice of career, and in the interest shown in David's first job, his parents can do something that nobody

else can do: either they can give David the right attitude towards his work or they can spoil the whole thing for him and start him off on a career of drift, irresponsibility, and skrimshanking. The same applies when he is going off to National Service. On the attitude of his mother and father will depend to a very large extent his enthusiasm for the opportunities National Service provides or his resentment of it as a pointless waste of his time.

Battle of the Gap

A second important factor is what the report graphically calls 'The Battle of the Gap'. Actually, there are two gaps. There is the gap—if that is the right word for it—which comes in every boy's life between his leaving school and his going to National Service. Ideally, it ought not to be a gap at all. It ought to be the time when he is learning his trade, starting on the first steps of what will be his life's career. But that is not always how it strikes him. He is conscious all the time that at eighteen or nineteen he will be called up. He feels, I am afraid, that there is a gap here, that whatever he does after he leaves school is only a stopgap, just filling in time until he is called up. If he is a steady and determined chap, backed by a stable and interested home, he can see things differently. But there is no doubt that the fact of National Service does make it more difficult for him, and it is a clear responsibility (here is the theme-word again) of parents, employers, club leaders, and the Services themselves, to help to minimise this feeling of aimlessness—which incidentally, affects not only the boys but their girl-friends, too. We do not want—and we cannot afford—to have all boys wasting these three or four years.

Then there is the other aspect of this gap. There is a gap in the provision we make for coping with it. The Education Act of 1944 looked forward to some part-time education for everybody between fifteen and eighteen. We have not got it. We have got the hundreds of enlightened employers who give their young people time off each week for further education. And we have got a good deal of activity, in youth clubs, evening institutes, and similar occupations, for those who are interested in it. But unfortunately the chances are that those boys and girls who need this sort of thing most are just the ones who are not getting it. There is a strong case for closing this gap by every possible extension of existing schemes, and by carrying out, as soon as we possibly can, this part of the 1944 Act.

This leads to a third point. On the whole, the report gives an encouraging picture of these young people as they are today. But there are reservations. When they arrive for National Service many of them are found to be lacking in self-reliance, in initiative, and in physical stamina. At an earlier stage employers criticise not only their educational shortcomings but something deeper as well, which I can only sum up in the word 'work-shy'. I know that generalisations like this are dangerous; and I know that each single one of these youngsters is different from each of the others. But if this criticism is at all justified—and it is widely felt—it is a very serious matter indeed. Various reasons are suggested for it: a not-very-good example at home, or a recent fashion in educational theory and practice for the free-and-easy instead of the vigorous and rigorous, or the unsettlement caused by impending National Service. But, whatever the causes, the disquieting fact appears to be there.

Moral Standards Based on Religious Faith

There is another factor the report mentions, and perhaps it is at the root of many of the signs and symptoms. With remarkable unanimity the Working Parties, from their different points of view, assert the necessity for a re-affirmation of moral standards, based on religious faith. This applies all the way through: to the private lives of these youngsters, to their relationships with each other, to their attitude to work, and to their apparent lack of aim and purpose. Neither home nor school nor factory nor Service unit can be what it ought to be without

a religious and moral basis. It is not easy for them in any of these environments, to stick to the proper standards if they are not given some sort of lead by their elders.

These, as I said, are no more than samples of what the report contains. All the way from the standard of cooking in the Forces to the details of school buildings, from the hours of work for married women to the duties of the Youth Employment Officer, it has pungent and opportune things to say. In some ways its most important recommendation is that there should be established an overall National Youth Advisory Council, 'to arouse and energise the nation's concern for its young people'. Do not misunderstand this. The idea is not to have just another Advisory Council on top of the dozens that exist already—and exist sometimes for the purpose of soft-peddalling action or of providing government departments with reports which can be conveniently pigeonholed. On the contrary, the idea is to mobilise all those who want action and to exert relentlessly every legitimate form of

pressure on any government which may seem not to be appreciating or carrying out its responsibility in this wide and complicated field. That, I repeat, is the real keynote of the report—responsibility, the individual responsibility which we, as adults, have for our young people. It falls on each single one of us individually, as parents, as employers, as 'the next chap in the factory', even as the anonymous mass which makes up public opinion. There is no need to pamper these youngsters or wrap them up in cotton-wool or sentimentalise about them—they don't like that and it doesn't do them any good. But there is a middle course between that and the attitude of *laissez-faire* and 'let them go their own way' which has lately become a little too fashionable. We want them to have the best possible chance of making the best of themselves, and of making the best of the nation to which they belong. Whether in the end they do or do not is a real individual personal responsibility that rests on you and me and every single one of us.

—Home Service

Gardening

Berrying Trees and Shrubs

By F. H. STREETER

WHAT a joy it is at this time of the year to go round the garden and see the berrying trees and shrubs in all their glory. I would like to tell you about some dwarf growers suitable for small gardens—and some taller ones that are just right for screens and as isolated specimens. They really are well worth growing and great labour savers too. Once planted, they go on for years.

First are the pernettyas. A good variety is Bell's—seedling, pink, red, and white. The weight of the berries has to be seen to be believed. The pernettya loves peat and sand to grow in with a top dressing of leaf soil in the spring. Pernettya berries last on the plants for months and indoors, used as cut berries, they are grand. Height two to four feet when fully grown.

Callicarpas

Another shrub, all too rarely seen, is *Callicarpa Geraldiana*—a lovely purple and blue berry. The foliage turns an exquisite colour in the autumn. I used to grow my callicarpa in a stove temperature at one time, then the war came and this shrub with others was planted out in the shrubbery, and it was far happier than in a hot house. Ever since, my callicarpas have flourished in the shrub border, not particular as to soil; just a nice warm spot will suit them.

The sea buckthorns, *Hippophae rhamnoides*, is a wonderfully berried shrub for exposed seaside resorts. About three of these sea buckthorns in the back of the shrubbery at five to six feet, loaded with berries, are worth their place in any garden. They have a pretty, green-grey leaf, too. Then there is *Daphne Mezereum*: its white form is worth growing not only for its delightful scent from those early flowers but for the mass of red berries after flowering. *Clerodendron Fargesii* is a taller growing shrub that puzzles many people, flowering very late, often in September, followed by a bluish-green crop of berries that look like a lot of bluebottles. These clerodendrons are strong growers—not very sweet scented, but most interesting plants both for their lateness and their crop of berries.

A plant that should be used much more, especially for covering those ugly lids over the drains on the lawn, is *Strawoesia undulata*. Do not say: 'Impossible to have any growing plants over those manholes—how about inspection?' You simply lift up the branches, take off the cover; replace it when the inspection is finished and you would never know the plants had been disturbed; and the strawoesia would not mind in the very least. Another plant useful for covering of ugly things you want to hide in the garden is *Cotoneaster horizontalis*, full of white flowers in the spring. By the way, never drive off the bees and insects from these blooms, because they are pollinating the flowers which produce thousands of little, bright-red berries. This *Cotoneaster horizontalis* makes a good show tied on to the wall of the front of the house under the window, especially if the wall is white or roughcast. It thrives in poor soil—and what a

splendid plant it is for falling out over a big stone on the rockery.

There are plenty more of these wonderful berried shrubs: the honeysuckles, crataegus, euonymus, viburnums, pyracanthas, and berberis of all sorts are just a few. None of them is expensive; all easy to obtain and grow; and this is the very time of the year to plant them. Once planted, there is no more expense and they go on for your lifetime.

Many people have the problem of overgrown trees and hedges and always seem to be afraid to cut a tree or hedge back. It is just the same with a tree on the lawn with low, hanging branches—getting in everyone's way. If you take off these branches now with the leaf on, your trees will be just right next summer.

If you have a northern boundary at one end of the kitchen garden, don't you think it would be wise to plant a hedge there? It would keep out the cold north and east winds in late spring. These last few years we seem to have had a very cold spell in March and April, just when the fruit trees are pushing and the plants trying to make a start. If I were you, I should have a *Thuja occidentalis*. You can keep it at what height you like, and these thuyas will keep thick at the bottom. They need very little clipping, they are easy to grow and evergreen. It is a good plant, too, for a small garden screen. The holly is another excellent windscreen—and once grown I can assure you no one will ever try to penetrate that hedge. Give the roots humus to get their teeth into, plant firmly, then in a few years you will have a perfect holly hedge, which will need just a yearly run over with the shears.

Autumn-sown Sweet Peas

Are you going to trench a plot for your sweet peas and onions; both those crops would really thank you for it. It is time to sow now autumn-sown sweet peas. Keep them as cool as you can. Place the seeds forty-eight in a seed box, sandy soil, and select the colours you like. Some say chip the seeds before sowing, but I have never had any difficulty in getting sweet-pea seeds up; in fact they are often too fast for me and ready for potting off before I am prepared.

You know that hard bed of soil just below where the spade reaches as a rule? This past summer has proved the great value of breaking through this pan, as we call it. So when you are digging, make this job of forking up the bottom of the trenches a thorough one—it will make all the difference to your crops next season.

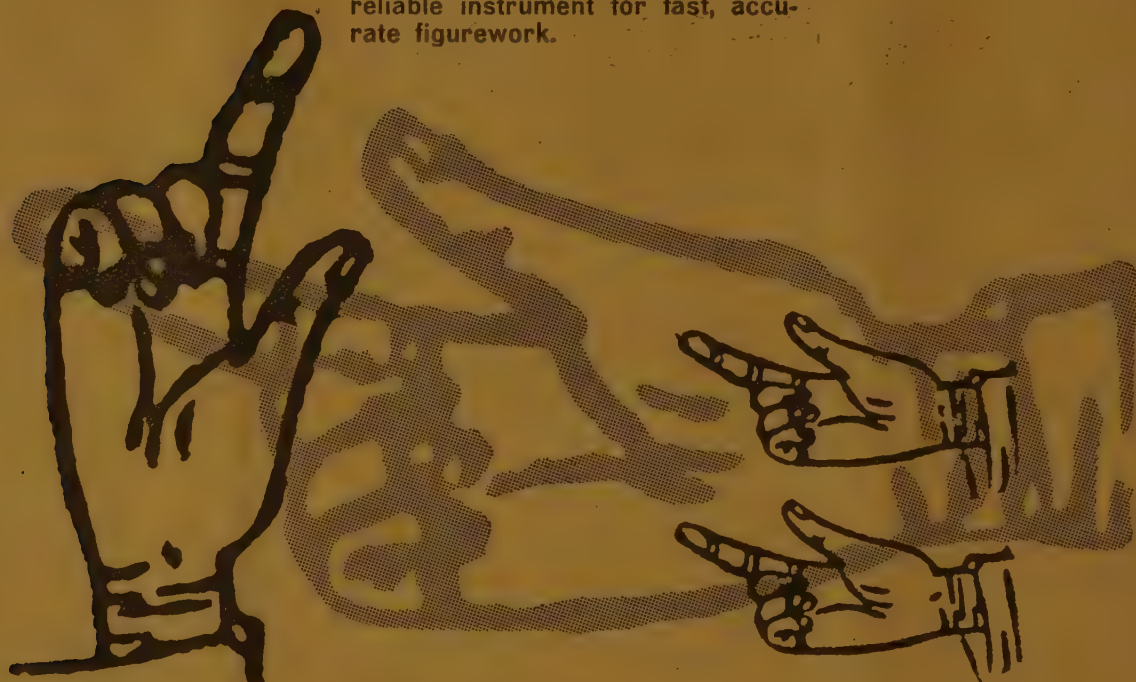
Here are a few suggestions: Attend to any fruit trees growing too strong and needing root pruning—especially plums. Go over your strawberry plants and remove all the flower spikes—they have been throwing blooms all the autumn. Get any tender plants still outside in pots under cover. You must not trust to luck or the weather any longer. Finally, keep a close watch on your fruit store—apples do not seem to want to keep very well at present—remove every bad fruit.

—Home Service

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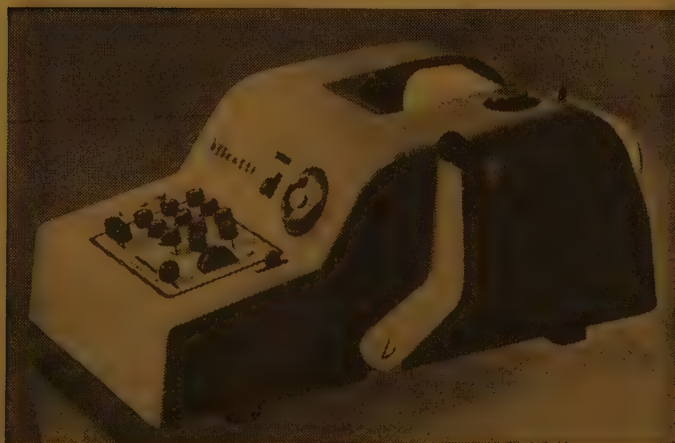
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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The French Crisis in North Africa

Sir,—Mr. M. C. Luton (THE LISTENER, October 20) accuses me of 'trying to have it both ways', because I say that 'many countries other than the Colonial Powers have responsibilities for underdeveloped peoples', but that Algeria should not be debated by the United Nations because Algeria is constitutionally a part of Metropolitan France. I am sorry, but I do not see why this is trying to have it both ways. The fact that colonies or national minorities exist all over the world does not give the United Nations the right to enquire into the affairs of one of its members. On the contrary, the Charter expressly forbids the intervention of the United Nations into matters 'essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any State'.

My point was that if the United Nations had a right to enquire into the affairs of Algeria, which is a part of France, then it would also have a right to enquire into the affairs of Wales, which is a part of the United Kingdom, or Uzbekistan, which is a part of the Soviet Union. The Belgian resolution may give the United Nations that right, but so far it has not been passed. If it is, the United Nations will then have to be given full information on all the Soviet Union's minorities. At present we know little or nothing about them.—Yours, etc.,

London BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT

War and Society

Sir,—Mr. Martin Wight says (THE LISTENER, October 13): 'The aim of foreign policy remains what it has always been, to preserve the balance of power'. This definition omits what, to most of us, has always been the basic purpose of foreign policy: to preserve and enhance the security, prosperity, and welfare of this country.

Mr. Wight, having propounded this misleading and incomplete definition, goes on:

The difficulties of foreign policy arise because the balance of power can never be stabilised in our own favour. Wisdom in foreign policy consists in recognising this as the inescapable condition of international politics. Duty in foreign policy consists in the intelligent refinement of the motive of fear.

Did Neville Chamberlain then show wisdom and do his duty? Mr. Wight has supplied—with shocking persuasiveness and plausibility and a massive display of learning—the very grammar of appeasement. As a piece of academic virtuosity it might be forgiven; in an epoch in which a whole new vast wave of appeasement is imminent it cannot be regarded lightly.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

JOHN CONNELL

The Economic Race with Communism

Sir,—I read the talk by Peter Wiles, 'The Economic Race with Communism', in THE LISTENER of October 20 with great interest. I should like to point out that while he stresses the failure of agriculture under the Soviet regime he does not add that efforts to improve transport in the last thirty years have also been far from successful. The efficient network of communications essential to a rapidly developing industrial country has not been provided. Certain key lines are terribly overworked, and no system of arterial roads exists.

Harmonious industrial development in the

future must inevitably be slowed down in a country where distances are so great, unless much greater efforts are made to improve communications.—Yours, etc.,

Reading

J. P. COLE

Ethics and Politics

Sir,—Mr. Rickman (THE LISTENER, October 20) thinks ill of me for trying to clarify an important moral problem by attending to the concepts used in formulating it. Philosophers have got used, ever since Socrates, to this sort of reaction. If Mr. Rickman will read Plato's works, he will on page five of the first dialogue (the *Euthyphro*) find Socrates suggesting that people are wrong to make play with words like 'impious' before they have made sure that they know what impiety is. Many of the dialogues begin with this kind of gambit (the request for an *analysis*) whose invention by Socrates is the main justification of his claim to be called the founder of philosophy. In the next work, the *Apology*, Mr. Rickman will learn how severely the Athenians punished Socrates for asking such questions about fundamental moral concepts. If he turns to Aristophanes' *Clouds* he will see that one of the common complaints against Socrates was that he occupied himself with verbal trivialities. The work of those who get down to the business of philosophy has often appeared 'academic and artificial' to the shallower of their contemporaries.

I gave ample indication in my talks that I hoped only to shed some light on the problems discussed, not to solve them. I made it clear that many other considerations were involved besides logical ones. In order, however, to isolate the 'live issues' it is necessary first to get verbal difficulties out of the way. The failure to do this has vitiated many recent discussions about the responsibility of subordinates. To call the logical question which I discussed in my first talk 'academic and artificial' is to cast a vote for the perpetuation of verbal confusions. Kant, who discussed the very same logical question in the passage which I quoted, would not have agreed that it was academic or artificial.

Mr. Rickman thinks that Kant and the other famous philosophers whom I mentioned did not do linguistic analysis. But his method of sustaining his view is peculiar. In my first talk I showed how Kant's central thesis on this question is founded upon a logical feature of our moral concepts to which Hume had first drawn attention; and I quoted Hume's own words in order to show that Hume knew the point to be a linguistic one. Mr. Rickman's way of disposing of this, my chief example, is to ignore it and talk about something else.

With regard to Plato, Mr. Rickman's interpretations of that philosopher are interesting. But I do not see why he thinks that these are inconsistent with what I myself say about Plato. I criticised Plato (for whom I have in most respects the highest admiration) for saying that by obeying the will of the philosopher-kings men could be certain of living morally blameless lives. That Plato implied this can hardly be denied, since his *analysis* of 'righteousness' was 'doing one's own job'; and the jobs were to be allocated by the philosopher-kings.

This piece of analysis is as central to Plato's work as other theories about the logical relations between concepts are to the work of other

great philosophers. But I do not hope to convince Mr. Rickman that in order to discuss profitably such theories it is necessary to have some understanding of the methods of logical analysis. For to people like him real philosophy is always an irritant, just as it was to the Athenians.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

R. M. HARE

German Relations with Russia

Sir,—Referring to Terence Prittie's talk on 'German Relations with Russia' (THE LISTENER, October 13), it is not only since the Geneva conference that Germans have begun to realise what a long spell of Soviet-organised coexistence could mean in the field of ideological schooling of East German Youth. Anybody who had the opportunity of meeting East German students and held discussions with them must have been greatly perturbed by the extent of their ignorance of western thinking. There is practically no common ground left on which a fruitful discussion can be held. Already today these youngsters argue their points entirely in the *dichés* of the Marxist liturgy. Indisputable facts and well-established truths of western civilisation are flatly rejected as capitalistic thinking. There can be no doubt that another spell of, say, ten years of Soviet-organised coexistence in eastern Germany will definitely have eradicated the last vestiges of western thinking.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.9

BRUNO KINDERMANN

Sir,—I found Mr. Terence Prittie's talk concerning German relations with Russia most illuminating, as it answered many questions which we are all asking at the present time. One thing, however, seems to require correction. Mr. Prittie uses a nursery rhyme to give a very effective simile, but surely he means Jack Horner and not Tommy Tucker. I have always understood that Tommy Tucker was the unfortunate young gentleman who sang for his supper.

Yours, etc.,

Stockport

T. B. SPIRES

The Reith Lectures—I

Sir,—Dr. Pevsner says (THE LISTENER, October 20) that 'gloomy fogs' are not included in foreigners' impressions of England until the middle of the eighteenth century; but John Evelyn wrote in his *Diary*, January 24, 1684:

London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe.

Seventeenth-century smog!—Yours, etc.,

Stratton-on-the-Fosse

ROBIN ATTHILL

How Does Psycho-analysis Work?

Sir,—It would appear that THE LISTENER has opened its columns to one of those recurring 'silly season' discussions of psycho-analysis, which were a common press feature just after the first world war, but which, one might have thought, had in more recent years been recognised as stale and unprofitable. Following on the publication of a Third Programme disserta-

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tion on how psycho-analysis works (October 6), itself a confused and confusing document, various correspondents (October 13, 20) have improved the occasion either by resuscitating Freud-Adler controversies or by roundly questioning whether psycho-analysis works at all, or, if it works, whether it is nevertheless an inferior variety of psychotherapy.

It is not my intention to enter the lists on matters concerning which nothing new has been said during the past twenty-five years. I feel, however, that it is essential to correct an impression that might arise from the subscription to Dr. Slater's letter. Using as he does the address of the Institute of Psychiatry, he might unwittingly convey to the unorientated reader the impression that this premier psychiatric teaching centre, which incidentally includes on its staff some prominent members of the Institute of Psycho-analysis, had lent its support to the suggestion that the psycho-analyst might after all be following the footsteps of the quack by using suggestion to peddle his wares. This, I feel sure, is not the view of the Director of the Institute of Psychiatry.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 EDWARD GLOVER

Sir,—The arguments brought forward against the efficacy of psychotherapy, by intelligent persons, are so naive that it must lead to the conclusion that those of us who practise it must be equally naive, and neither side knows how naive they are.

The result of a study of gastric disorders, collected in the manner of a heterogeneous hotch-potch, might prove equally 'devastating' for the effects of surgery. Thus: taking large numbers of gastric disorders, and estimating the results of treatment, we will find an improvement rate of 44 per cent. for those cases submitted to surgery, 64 per cent. for skilled medical treatment, and 72 per cent. for stomach powders and other simples procured from chemists. (This imaginary result, analogous to the 'results' of psychotherapy given by your correspondent, is by no means fanciful.)

In such estimates there is no allowance for selection of cases for the different methods, for individual skill in practitioners of the art, for adequate follow-up, etc. But apart from these fallacies, the error would seem to lie in a misconception not of the nature of man but of the nature of the process. This involves an emphatic relationship not susceptible, for the most part, to 'scientific' or 'factual' valuation.

There are many patients firmly convinced that psycho-analysis or other therapies have helped them tremendously; why not ask them? Presumably because this would not be 'factual' evidence. There are many therapists firmly convinced that they are doing a good and honest job; but of course you can't ask them.

So, Sir, let us conclude for the benefit of your readers that there are those who are prejudiced, consciously and unconsciously, against psycho-analysis, and there are those, equally intelligent, who are prejudiced in its favour; so we can take our choice.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 15 CHARLES BURNS

The Novelist's Use of People

Sir,—In his talk in THE LISTENER of October 6 Mr. Walter Allen refers to Professor L. C. Knights' *How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?* as the original 'manifesto' behind the modern approach to Shakespeare's 'characterisation'. May I point out that these principles had been firmly stated, if less catchily captioned, in a book of mine published in 1930 called *The Wheel of Fire*, to which work, together with *The Imperial Theme*, the author of *How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?* made full and kindly acknowledgment in the original Minority

Press edition of 1933 (pages 8, 70). Since Professor L. C. Knights has recently been credited with my own total output of Shakespearean investigation in an article contributed to the New York press by a well-known English critic, I wish to register my own claims before the process gets beyond control—though I may add that all royalties on the work are still coming to me.

As for A. C. Bradley, it was never my own intention (as I have been at pains to point out in the prefatory note to the enlarged edition of *The Wheel of Fire*) to cast any aspersions on his labours. Whatever may have been his excesses in 'character' analysis, we must not forget that his contribution on other, more strictly imaginative, aspects of the subject lies behind much of our modern method at its best.—Yours, etc.,

University of Leeds G. WILSON KNIGHT

Sir,—The dispute as to whether characters in fiction are 'living' or exist merely as components of a work of art surely arises from a one-sided approach. Professor Knights' well-known essay on Lady Macbeth's children had its point as a reaction against vulgarisations that treated a novel or play as an indeterminate slice-of-life; but the position set out by Mr. T. S. Eliot that a "living" character is not necessarily true to life" is surely as wilful and unsatisfactory as the vulgarisations.

What is needed is criticism that can see a work of art as simultaneously an expression of life and an organic form with its own values and interrelations. Art comes out of life and goes back into it, as the vulgarisers have correctly enough noted; but it is life in a concentrated form in which all sorts of distortions, exaggerations, unfamiliar emphases and transformations are permissible if they serve the needs of the total pattern, the total meaning, and also truly express the experiences ultimately lying behind the work (or rather deep inside it).

Falstaff is not merely a 'symbol' of moral disorder, as Mr. P. A. Fletcher (THE LISTENER, October 20), following Dover Wilson and E. M. W. Tillyard, asserts. He is a great character because he is both symbol and a complex living person whose make-up it is legitimate to analyse and assess. Morgan's famous essay was not simply the first of the vulgarisations; it was a valuable explosive breaking up preconceptions and making people really look at the play as a vital organism.

If the vulgarisers blur out the specific qualities of an art-form, the anti-vulgarisers tend to thin the work away from its roots in time and space, in the rich tumults of living which feed life and are fed by it.—Yours, etc.,

Castle Hedingham JACK LINDSAY

Sir,—I am astounded to learn, on the authority of Mr. Walter Allen, that 'every critic of Thackeray' has been blind to the reason why Becky boxed little Rawdon's ears. Of course Becky was not angry that the child had heard her playing. Of course, though a bad mother, she was not an actively unkind one. Who says she was? Not Thackeray!

The nature of Becky's relations with Lord Steyne is, like the ghost element in *The Turn of the Screw*, never stated baldly, but gradually and obliquely indicated, by a master of such subtleties. On the other side of the door at which little Rawdon listened, music had not been the only topic; and little pitchers have long ears. The child would not have understood what he heard—as Becky doubtless realised next moment. Her panic wrath was instant, unreasoned, instinctive—and gave her away completely.

The simple-minded Thackeray! Someone will be telling us next that Henry Esmond adored his 'dear mistress'.—Yours, etc.,

Southampton BARBARA CHAMIER

Matthew Arnold

Sir,—Professor Knights taxes me with failing to give 'any indication' of 'aberration' in Mr. J. D. Jump's critique of Arnold's poetry. As I gave half a dozen, including four direct quotations, to none of which Professor Knights ventured any sort of answer, it would seem that any lack of indication is on his side, not mine.

He further stigmatises my review as 'offensive'. So it was meant to be, in the military sense. But it is not always easy in literary matters to keep military and personal offensiveness apart, and if the exigencies of my space denied me the room in which to satisfactorily separate them, I am sorry but not (if I may make the distinction) repentant. The code of manners in which it is not considered offensive to damn the great dead with faint praise and, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer, but is considered offensive to roundly criticise the living small, is not one that I care to subscribe to.

Finally, I had of course no intention of 'demonstrating my own superiority to provincial academic critics' (of whom I am, as it happens, one myself), or for that matter to anyone else. But if Professor Knights chooses to read that sort of thing between the lines, he is welcome.

Yours, etc.,
YOUR REVIEWER

The Price of Books

Sir,—Mr. Morpurgo chooses a very poor analogy when he cites the price of twenty cigarettes rising from 11½d. to 3s. 7d. The increase has nothing whatever to do with increased production and distribution costs nor with rising wages. The increase is due almost entirely to tax. I believe that of 3s. 7d. per packet, 2s. 9½d. represents tax.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.11 H. C. NORMAN

'Panorama'

Sir,—Piloted as competently as ever by Richard Dimbleby, the excellent section of 'Panorama' on the night of Monday, October 17, devoted to myxomatosis, splendidly portrayed the 'new look' which is coming to the English countryside through the ravages caused amongst rabbits by the disease.

There was one important omission, however. Though the enormous benefits to agriculture at the disappearance of the little pest were beautifully brought out, the sister Cinderella art of forestry was not even mentioned.

The present vast benefit to tree planting and natural regeneration brought about by myxomatosis is only beginning to be shown, and in my opinion the future, if the state of affairs can be maintained, will completely revolutionise forestry in this country. The saving in planting alone has been enormous, and the figures are only beginning to come in, while to an arboriculturist like myself the sight of the carpet of an ordinary wood today can only be described as startling. Young trees are growing today where it was only possible to get trees before by using miles of wire-netting and posts and carrying on a war against the rabbit at vast expense. And they have not to be planted but are coming by themselves for nothing.

A self-sown seedling is always a better and a more wind-firm tree right through its life than a planted one, so that a new generation of naturally regenerated trees is growing up.

Let us have another 'Panorama' on the rabbit and forestry please.

Yours, etc.,
Dunmow MAYNARD GREVILLE
Chairman, Home Counties Division,
Royal Forestry Society of England
and Wales

Art

English Medieval Sculpture

By FRANCIS WORMALD

SINCE the publication of the pioneer work of Prior and Gardner in 1912 notable researches have been made into individual manifestations of English medieval sculpture. For the pre-Conquest period there are the works of Sir Alfred Clapham and Sir Thomas Kendrick; for the twelfth century our knowledge has been greatly enhanced by work done by Dr. Zarnecki and Professor Saxl.

The result, which is clearly seen in a book just published*, is that whereas sculpture before 1200 has been examined and classified, for the Gothic period we are, from the stylistic point of view, in much the same state as we were in 1912. As Mr. Stone, the author of the book, suggests, the history of English medieval sculpture is a story of the reception and transformation of a series of influences from the Continent. In the Gothic period there is first a brief interlude in which classical sculpture has an important influence. Such works as the remarkable figures from St. Mary's, York, bear witness to this. More direct French influence follows and in the late fourteenth century, and even more in the fifteenth, Germany and the Low Countries had an increasingly important role. On the whole, the pattern of change and development is similar to, though not identical with, the stylistic developments in painting.

In tracing any stylistic development it is essential to remember that what has survived is but a mere fragment of that which once formed the corpus of English medieval sculpture. Mr. Stone makes this quite clear. There are, however, two groups of monuments to which he has paid but scant attention. The first of these are the seals and particularly the Great Seals of the Sovereigns, and also the episcopal seals. Both of these are extraordinarily valuable because they are fairly closely datable and were made for the most important people in the land. Some seals represent almost the best examples of small sculpture that have survived—the magnificent seal matrix of Robert Fitzwalter now in the British Museum, for instance. In the series of Great Seals of Henry III important stylistic changes are clearly visible. The second group of monuments is that of the ivories. Although Mr. Stone mentions a number of them he uses them rather as assistants in his work on the monumental sculpture than as items worthy of more individual treatment.

Naturally Mr. Stone follows Sir Thomas Kendrick closely in his treatment of Anglo-Saxon sculpture. Some curious dating, however, appears on page twenty-four where the Codex Aureus is dated in the ninth century. Dr. Nordenfalk's recent study of this book suggests that mid-eight century is much nearer the mark. Of the later Saxon period Mr. Stone has much to say about what may be called the Anglo-Danish art of the tenth and eleventh centuries. His remarks about the impossibility of a satisfactory chronology for much of this material is very true, and his treatment of this strange style is one of the best parts of the book. In speaking of the Harrowing of Hell slab at Bristol

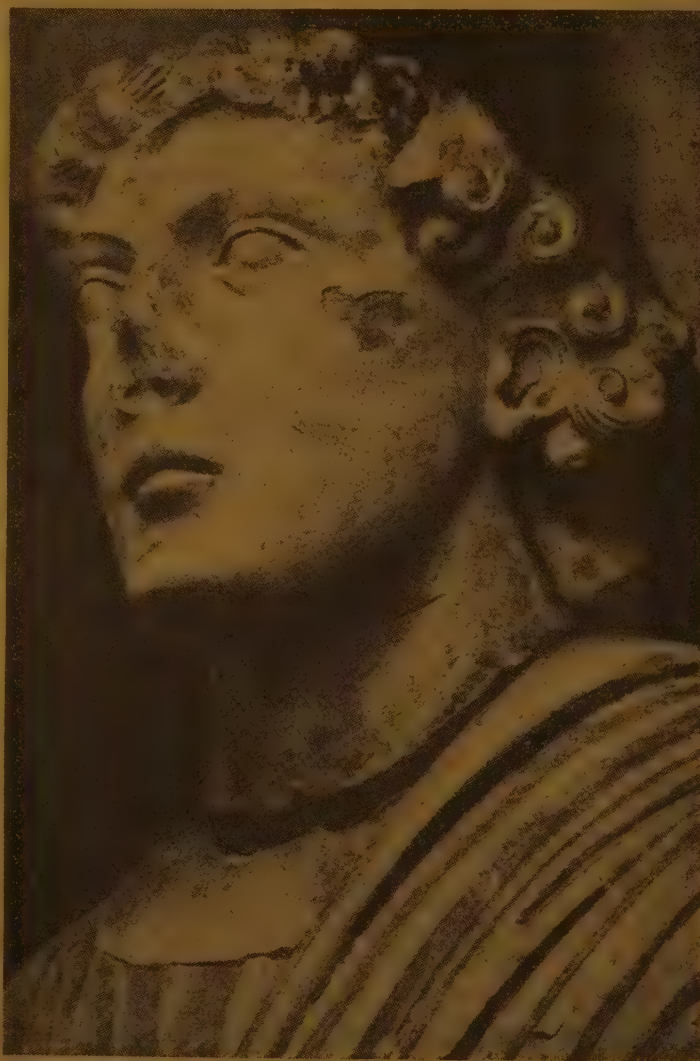
he has landed himself in a confusion. On page thirty-nine he gives the slab a mid eleventh-century date, but on page forty-one he says that the weight of evidence is in favour of the early eleventh century. His first date is the more acceptable. On the other hand his remarks on the Romsey rood are quite right; it is much easier to see it as an early eleventh-century work than as a twelfth-century one.

In his discussion of early twelfth-century sculpture the survival of the Anglo-Danish mannerism is well stressed. Such a survival, if it may be so called, is quite clear in the capitals on St. Mary's Kirkburton in Yorkshire. It is, however, difficult to see a survival in the capitals of Norwich dating from about 1140. By that time the fat acanthus ornament beloved of Anglo-Norman sculptors and illuminators was already turning into a wiry, stringy tangle.

The second part of the book suffers very much from lack of the specialised research that has been done for the earlier centuries. Mr. Stone has to try to pick his way through the jungle, the paths of which have been enumerated without being described. There is, for instance, still no proper stylistic evaluation of the Wells figures, and the problems of stiff leaf ornament are far more intricate than one is led to believe. What is really lacking, however, is a comparison between English and Continental work. This is particularly necessary for the second half of the fourteenth century. Mr. Stone mentions and stresses the importance of the realistic effigy of Philippa of Hainault by Jean de Liège, but in this realistic style and its relationship to Continental work could be worked out some of the difficulties which are encountered in the early fifteenth century might be partially resolved. The whole question of the 'international Gothic' style in English sculpture needs asking. What causes the likeness between Peter Parler's work and the effigy of Richard II? In answering such questions the corbels at New College, All Souls, and Adderbury church recently discussed by Mr. Rigold would surely be helpful.

For the most part, fifteenth-century English sculpture is undistinguished and really overshadowed by shop work. The monotony of English alabasters is notorious, but these objects are part of a great tradition in *bondieuserie* and are subjects rather for the student of popular piety than the historian of art. Mr. Stone has, however, restored quite rightly to the fifteenth century certain of the statues on the west front of Exeter Cathedral, though whether they are as late as he thinks not everyone will agree.

This book, then, is a useful contribution to the history of English art because it indicates so clearly the problems that await the student of English medieval sculpture. There are many, particularly in the later period. The illustrations are fairly good. One wishes that rather more of some of the monuments had been reproduced in full, particularly Philippa of Hainault and Edward II since some of the author's arguments depend upon the treatment of the draperies on these figures.



Head of stone figure of St. John, from St. Mary's Abbey, York, c. 1200-10

From 'Sculpture in Britain': The Middle Ages

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Flowers of the Forest, Being Volume Two of the Golden Echo. An Autobiography by David Garnett. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

IN 1914 THE INNER life of personal relations came bang up against the world of telegrams and anger: Bloomsbury faced its greatest test. The response of the various members of the group—particularly of the key-figure Keynes—is recalled with great truthfulness by Mr. David Garnett in this second volume of his autobiography. He, and most of his friends, came through, and retained their values. Although he says that a sense of bitterness and bereavement must dominate any picture of these years, this is not in fact the impression left by *The Flowers of the Forest*. It is the natural expression of an *esprit*, of pleasures and adventures shared, of blessings taken and given, of the cross-fertilising power of love and friendship. In this sense his story of the years 1914 to 1923 is, as he says, 'in the highest degree exceptional'. There is none of the unresolved guilt and profitless introspection which characterise some of the autobiographies of a later generation. Instead, there are the Bloomsbury hallmarks of luck, charm, intelligence, and clarity.

Mr. Garnett hates earnestness, and though this makes him rather unpleasantly anti-Quaker (he spent part of the war with the Friends' War Relief Mission) it also enables him to bring off some brilliantly deflationary sketches, as for example his comparison of Ouspensky to President Wilson: 'There was the same lavish display of false teeth, the same baffled, unseeing eye, the same spiritual aura of high thinking and patent medicines'. Among the many good anecdotes one of the funniest is an account of Lawrence telling Duncan Grant just what was wrong with all his pictures. There is some skilful descriptive writing (the passage on page 69 beginning 'Autumn had nowhere come upon the woods', for example) and some accounts of personal emotion such as a shallow man could not and a dishonest man would not write.

Mr. Garnett does his own portrait with wit, engaging candour. Thus he not only admits that he wrote a novelette called *Dope Darling* for money, but also allows us to guess that the idea for it sprang from a genuine experience out of which some aspiring writers might have struggled vainly to produce a 'serious' work. His ability to evaluate his talent correctly at every stage of its maturing, to distinguish what he could do and what he would like to do, is one of his greatest virtues as an artist. Indeed the faith to husband one's resources is part of the secret of Bloomsbury's 'golden touch'. *The Flowers of the Forest* ends with Mr. Garnett writing his first 'serious' work, *Lady Into Fox*. He knew this time that he was creating 'a work of art as good in its way as I could hope for'. He was: and it also became a best seller.

Paul Nash: the Portrait of an Artist By Anthony Bertram. Faber. 42s.

It is not easy, at the present moment, to judge Paul Nash. So much of his work belongs to an unfashionable period that in describing him as a talented but certainly a minor artist one may be unfair. And yet it is hard to escape the impression that, even in his most charming pictures—and there are many that do most decidedly

charm—there is an odd lack of strength which shows itself not so much in a failure of power as in a strange lack of excitement. Nash could always become engrossed in complex structures or geometrical ingenuities but how rarely could he render a simple shape with entire conviction and how frequently he leaves a passage unfinished, not because it is perfect, nor yet because he dare not affront it, but simply—so it appears—because he is bored by it. An explanation for this apparent failure of interest may perhaps be deduced from Mr. Bertram's thorough and scholarly study.

Paul Nash began as an illustrator and throughout his career he was more or less preoccupied with the notion of poetical painting. Living when he did he could scarcely have chosen a harder task: the whole tendency of Post-Impressionism—a movement which he managed almost to disregard until he was in his late twenties—was inimical to literary painting; the century could provide him with no iconographical language, and he was shy of the human figure. His poetry, therefore, had to be based upon an abstruse and private code of symbols. Such material is always dangerous to handle—how much more so when the painter himself has doubts as to its validity. Now this, as his biographer reluctantly but honestly makes clear, was the case with Nash. Perhaps at the very end he believed entirely in the validity of his methods; but as late as 1943 he was saying: 'objects to me are all the same in the end, i.e., part of the picture'. And in the same breath he was announcing his belief in the mysteries of his symbolism. Is it surprising that there is a certain hesitancy, a certain lack of conviction in his work?

Mr. Bertram provides the explanation, but for him the problem does not exist. He accepts Nash's symbolism as the driving force of a poetic talent inferior to, but comparable with, that of Botticelli or Michelangelo. If the artist had doubts they were no more than temporary aberrations and it is the main task of the critic to analyse the symbolical vocabulary of the painter. This task he undertakes with an imposing display of learning and complex Christian piety.

Isle of Cloves

By F. D. Ommanney. Longmans. 18s.
The Abominable Snowman Adventure By Ralph Izzard. Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.

Dr. Ommanney's books about the far-flung places of the world have never been travel books in the conventional sense of giving an account of a journey made for the purpose of seeing a country in all its aspects. He is a scientist who, as an employee of the Colonial Office, is sent to various areas for specifically scientific purposes. In 1951 he was sent to do research into the reasons for the decline in fertility of the fishing grounds in the seas around the island of Zanzibar, the Isle of Cloves. He lived for nearly two years on the island, and this book is an account of his life there, of the customs of the heterogeneous collection of races who live there in such apparent amity, of the history of the Sultanate, and the character of the people. He has some delightful chapters about his fishing expeditions along the reefs, but here he is, typically, concerned with the non-scientific aspects of the trips, with the oddities of his crew and the various snares he invented for catching the fish. In some ways it is a pity

Dr. Ommanney has underestimated his readers' interest in the more technical side of his work, but it is a very small blemish to so delightful a book. It is a book of almost continual and sunlit humour, the quiet humour of a kindly man who loves humanity but is not foolishly blind to its defects. It is his character vignettes which remain most in one's mind; the young schoolmaster who taught him Swahili, the little Arab who had once been a stoker in the Royal Navy and proclaimed his devotion to it in broad Cockney, the tired old town-guide untouched by years of cynical treatment from tourists, or the retired English colonial policeman caught by his love-hate for Africa which will never allow him to be happy elsewhere. All these people inhabit a landscape of great beauty, which Dr. Ommanney describes in simple but highly evocative prose. His house, specially built for him in 'neo-Saracenic' style, lay by the sea amid luxuriant tropical vegetation. His chapter on the building of the house and the settling into it ripples with humour. It is in these passages of uninformative autobiography that Dr. Ommanney is at his best.

Mr. Ralph Izzard organised the *Daily Mail* expedition to the Himalayas whose purpose was to find all that was to be known about the Yeti, the Abominable Snowman. It was a serious, scientific expedition and the scientific account of its discoveries is yet to appear. Meanwhile Mr. Izzard has written this light and readable book which tells all that was previously known of the Yeti as well as describing the adventures of the expedition. After reading this book there can be no reasonable doubt that the Yeti exists; the evidence produced is overwhelming. But one must sympathise with Mr. Eric Shipton's view that it should be left in peace and remain a symbol of the mysterious and the unknowable.

Song at the Year's Turning. Poems 1942-1954. By R. S. Thomas. Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.

The Return of Arthur. A Poem of the Future. By Martyn Skinner. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.

Song at the Year's Turning (introduction by Mr. John Betjeman) is one of the most interesting and rewarding books of verse of the last few years. Its author, Mr. R. S. Thomas, is a Welsh country parson, an observer of his native fields and of the men who work them, 'stumbling insensitively from furrow to furrow'. He knows that it is their geography as much as their history which has made them what they are, the farmer 'stripped of love And thought and grace by the land's hardness', the labourer 'a man like you but blind with tears Of sweat to the bright star that draws you on'. He sees all this clearly and is not afraid to tell the truth, to say what is lacking and why:

You are ill, Davies, ill in mind;
An old canker, to your kind
Peculiar, has laid waste the brain's
Potential richness in delight . . .

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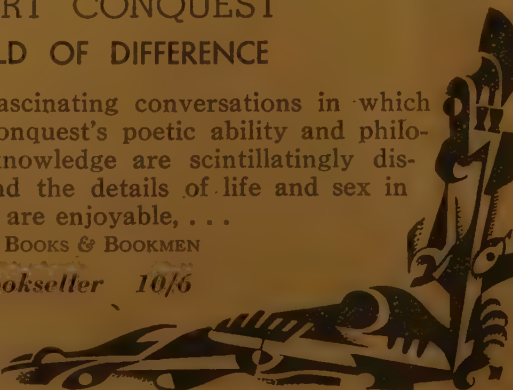
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loving its hardships, tempering charity with irony. His best poems, too many to enumerate here, combine deep truthfulness with passionate simplicity. In the very fine long poem, 'The Minister' (written for broadcasting) he shows how a man's courage and knowledge can be useless if he tries to fight against nature, as the Rev. Morgan did:

He never listened to the hills'
Music calling . . . but let his mind
Fester with brooding on the sly
Infirmities of the hill people . . .
Wrong from the start, for nature's truth
Is primary, and her changing seasons
Correct out of a vaster reason
The vague errors of the flesh.

Mr. Thomas knows what he is writing about: it is real, and from it a real philosophy emerges. His book deserves to be widely read.

Lack of space produces odd bedfellows. Mr. Martyn Skinner's *The Return of Arthur* has nothing in common with *Song at the Year's Turning* except that it is also in verse and has also been praised by Mr. Betjeman (and by Mr. Rowse, Betjeman and Co. In short, a neo-Bryant). It is a long, clever poem in Byronic stanzas about what is laughingly called the future (1999, the liberation of Admass by chivalry). It goes in for jokes about left-wing writers and about cities being named Cripps-ville, Aneurin, etc., there is a slightly unattractive sex-flavour and much praise of Messrs. Rowse, Betjeman and Co. In short, a neo-Elizabethan epic, having affinities with the *Georgiad* and the whole Noyes-y tradition. But Mr. Skinner has the technical gifts—and they are far from negligible—necessary to buoy up the writer of a long poem. Lively, cocksure, he holds the interest and handles his at times rather foolish material deftly. The result is entertaining in a way, though the comparison with 1984 proposed on the dust-cover is incredible.

Bruckner and Mahler

By H. F. Redlich.

Dent ('Master Musicians'). 9s. 6d.

An English book on these two great Austrian symphonists is very welcome; two books would have been more than doubly welcome. Presumably the editor and publishers of the 'Master Musicians' series doubted the existence of a public for a book on each; surely they were wrong. As it is, Dr. Redlich's volume perpetuates the unfortunate habit of bracketing two musicians of different generations and totally different make-up and outlook, who indeed have remarkably little even incidentally in common. The author does his best; he puts in some very specious pleading in his preface, draws attention to the Brucknerian elements in the *adagio* of Mahler's unfinished, and confessedly uncharacteristic, Tenth Symphony, and suddenly claims on page 157 that a couple of musical examples 'give the lie to the oft-repeated assertion that no bond of style existed between Bruckner and Mahler, whose close spiritual affinity is after all one of the chief topics of this book'. (It is not.) To claim that 'both were deeply imbued with the spiritual heritage of the Roman Church' is preposterous; Bruckner was, of course, but Mahler's 'conversion' occurred at the age of thirty-seven and, as Dr. Redlich himself admits elsewhere, 'was at that particular moment of his life clearly dictated by expediency'.

Yet, within the limits imposed on him and despite the hampering of a language which is not his own (he writes of 'ancestral blueprints' and 'hollow vacuums'), the author has done a remarkably good piece of work. The two biographies are severely compressed, of course,

yet the skeletal facts are there and one gets a clear and by no means superficial impression of the two characters: Bruckner's naive to the point of being nearly a simpleton's—Mahler's excessively complicated. Dr. Redlich has much that is interesting to say about Bruckner's pathetically frustrated sex-life and his pathological manias, and he is the first musical writer who has had access to Freud's notes on Mahler (who consulted him in 1910). One point in these throws sudden illumination on Mahler's hitherto puzzling lapses into melodic banality, especially in the expression of profound emotion:

Mahler's father, who appears to have been a brutal person, often ill-treated his wife, and on one occasion, when Mahler as a child witnessed a painful scene between them and rushed out of the house, he ran into an organ-grinder playing the popular Viennese ditty of *O du lieber Augustin*. It was Mahler's own opinion that this clash of a tragic experience with a cheap and frivolous tune influenced his inspiration at moments of emotional tension for the rest of his life, and that it was this which prevented him from achieving the highest rank as a composer.

Dr. Redlich himself does not overstate the case for Mahler—or that for Bruckner—as Central European champions of their music are apt to do. He is sympathetic to both and places himself and his reader at his subjects' own viewpoints, but he is also able to withdraw and judge their achievement objectively. He is, for instance, not blind to the structural weaknesses of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, 'especially in the finale, in which the "military" and the "ecclesiastic" elements threaten again and again to fall apart and to create intolerable *longueurs*'. He is even more keenly aware of similar and other defects in Mahler. But he will send friend and foe back to the scores themselves once more and persuade many of the lukewarm to interest themselves more deeply in the problems of these two fascinating composers. Even those already converted to Bruckner and quite knowledgeable about the numerous and confusing variant versions of his symphonies will be grateful to have the facts so clearly stated and tabulated, and so sanely commented on.

Moral Judgement

By D. Daiches Raphael.

Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Everyone knows that he ought to keep promises, to tell the truth, to be fair in his treatment of others, to help his friends and, on occasion, people quite unknown to him. Everyone recognises, that is to say, that he has duties of fidelity, veracity, justice and beneficence even though he may not always fulfil them. Are these various types of duty quite distinct from one another, or are they connected by some common principle upon which they all depend? This is the main problem that Mr. Raphael tries to solve in this book, although he has interesting things to say about a number of other topics as well. He holds that there is a connecting link between the various types of duty and that this is Kant's principle that persons ought to be treated as ends-in-themselves. He does not allow the matter to rest there, however, but goes on to show why this principle commends itself. It does so, in his view, because sensitive and rational beings not only have personal interests of their own, but are capable of imaginative insight into the interests of others. It is only beings capable of thus sympathising with creatures whom their actions can affect who can have duties to others, although all beings who can suffer pain or enjoy pleasure—worms, for example, or tigers—may have duties owed to them. To have a duty to others involves the recognition of 'a metaphysical tie or bond' with

them, 'an imaginative act of regarding oneself as related to another person's ends (i.e., his interests) in the way in which one naturally regards oneself as related to one's own ends, that is, as disposed to pursue them'. The case for this view is well made out in clear though not altogether untechnical language. The author goes on to point out that it is quite possible to withdraw completely from the morality of sympathy, as egoists do, or to limit one's sympathy to a small group of aristocrats, or to regard the whole of a society as the end-in-itself with the particular individuals who compose it as mere means to its good. He therefore asks whether convincing reasons could be given for preferring the morality of sympathy to egoistic, aristocratic or collectivist policies of conduct, and tentatively suggests that it can at any rate be shown to be more comprehensive than any one of them and to allow each of them a part of what it wants.

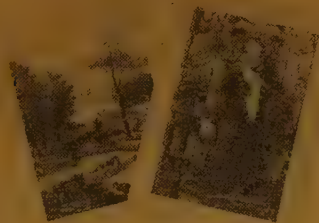
A brief summary cannot do justice to the detail and rigour of Mr. Raphael's argument. In this book ethics is made to appear as a fruitful and exciting subject of enquiry rather than as the boring appendix to philosophical grammar which so many recent discussions make it out to be. There are, of course, a number of topics which call for criticism. It is doubtful, for example, whether the morality of sympathy leads as logically as Mr. Raphael thinks it does to the politics of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Again, when one asks who is to ensure it and how, one may well be less enthusiastic about the principle of equality of opportunity than Mr. Raphael seems to be. How easy it is to be bamboozled by the unspecified use of 'we' into regarding oneself as the respected Chairman of some infallible Committee of Public Safety. And he is quite wrong in supposing that Samuel Smiles' *Self-Help* advocates anything even remotely resembling 'Each for himself and devil take the hindmost'. These, however, are small blemishes in a strenuously argued and well organised book.

John Milton. By Kenneth Muir.

Longmans. 10s. 6d.

Professor Muir has written a critical biography of a transcendently great English poet from a standpoint and upon a method which gives him little chance to say what he really thinks of his subject. His book might be described as a guide to twentieth-century criticism of Milton. Criticism to-day is in danger of 'swelled head'. In every American university literary criticism is sedulously cultivated, and strenuously exploited. We have reached the point, it seems, where a sensible and sensitive scholar with an open mind—and this Mr. Muir undoubtedly is—proves liable to attack from a rush of critics to the head, and loses at once his own initiative. Milton is pre-eminently a poet and thinker who requires a critic to stand up to him face to face. The more vigorously a critic opposes him, the better Milton reveals himself. Dr. Johnson's great critique is an example: most of his judgements are wrong, but every thrust reveals something of importance to the intelligent reader, and no critic has felt more truly the vital quality of Milton's mind and art: 'He was born for whatever is arduous'.

Professor Muir is constrained at every turn to quote F. R. Leavis, C. S. Lewis, Waldo, Werblowsky, Kermode, Stein, or other critics known and unknown, and to give his own opinion contingently. At the critical points where a forceful judgement would be welcome, he seems to slide tactfully away. He deals warily with Milton's heresies, but does not expose the more interesting of them, nor show how they illuminate his thought. He concedes, in face of the damning critics, that 'Milton allows himself a considerable degree of psychological real-



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IMHOFS

in the latter books of 'Paradise Lost' yet excuses himself from exposing the most vital frustration of this in the scene between Adam and Eve in Book X: 'We must pass over the moving reconciliation of Adam and Eve'. Why? The best part of the book is in the chapters on the early life and poems. He evades, or possibly answers, the critics of 'Comus' by quietly stating Milton's purpose: 'It has been called a "failure in artistic compromise"; but combining the conventions of the pastoral with those of the masque Milton was able to express some of his deepest feelings about life

while at the same time providing his audience with a brilliant entertainment'. He appreciates Milton's Latin poems and uses some excellent verse translations of his own in illustration. On 'Paradise Regained' he has some discerning criticism. He helps the reader to understand what Milton meant by his presentation of Jesus in the poem: 'He was at pains to draw a credible picture of the historical Jesus, depicting Him with the limitations, as well as the virtues, of a Jew living in the early days of the Roman Empire'. And he drives down to the essential quality of the style of the poem: 'It is a style

that continually risks the charge of being prosaic; but it saves itself by what one can only call spiritual integrity'.

His last chapter, 'Conclusion', makes amends for much that we miss in the central chapters. He insists that 'Paradise Lost' with all its imperfections can be put in the same class with the 'Iliad', the 'Æneid', and the 'Divine Comedy'. He pays tribute to the almost flawless loveliness of 'Comus' and 'Lycidas'. He shrewdly and rightly doubts whether Milton's influence on the greater poets was as detrimental as some critics have thought'.

New Novels

The Doves of Venus. By Olivia Manning. Heinemann. 13s. 6d.

The Liberty Man. By Gillian Freeman. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

Reunion. By Merle Miller. Heinemann. 18s.

THE Doves of Venus is an excellent novel. Technically it is not as faultless as Miss Manning's last, *A Different Face*, but it is richer in depth and range, more spontaneous, original and mature. It is no less wintry. Here it is not 'closing time in the public gardens of the west'. The public gardens are the only places left.

The central characters are Ellie, aged eighteen, and Petta, who must be forty. Although the two women do not meet until the end of the book, their destinies are united in the person of Quintin Bellot. Ellie is the latest of Quintin's five mistresses. Petta is his discarded wife. A resigned (?) attempt at suicide by Petta restores her to her husband's home, and Ellie gets her 'négligé', because Quintin, with the cynic's practicality, realises he can no longer conduct an affair 'with any girl who has not a flat of her own'. Ellie is not only flatless, but friendless and poor. She has left a *petit bourgeois* Baptist home by the sea to come to London and live her own life. Quintin has taken her virginity. She is left with an ill-paid job in an antique dealer's studio, at which she is not very good, and from which in time she is sacked. She is retchedly shy and proud and vulnerable, but she has an eager child-like heart, which sustains her through mounting humiliations. In the end, when she has suffered enough, her love finds an object worthier than Quintin Bellot, and she is happy.

Ellie's story is an odyssey. Petta's is a donist's progress; she has always lived on her wits, and as she gets older and plainer, the wits turn inevitably diminish. Each new adventure is more squalid than the last, and there is no ultimate salvation for her as there is for Ellie, though Miss Manning leaves it an open question as to whether it is Ellie's better moral qualities or just Ellie's youth which gives her so great an advantage over Petta.

These two characters are a complete success. In Ellie's case, Miss Manning has used the historical method of accumulated detail; with Petta, the introspective method of selective insight; and each method proves to be entirely appropriate. Quintin, on the other hand, is less well done. It is almost as if Miss Manning were herself under his spell. She describes, for example, the sex-appeal he has for all and sundry as a jealous wife might describe such a quality in her husband; she does not analyse it, as a novelist of her kind should. Indeed I think a general fault of this book is that the minor characters are too sketchy and also perhaps too numerous. (In *A Different Face* no one was superfluous.)

On the other hand, Miss Manning has a wonderful and unerring flair for describing both

the atmosphere and the furniture of the world in which her people move. I shall allow myself to quote here a few sentences from her account of Ellie's last walk in Regent's Park with Quintin:

... where the lake stretched wide and light, there was a great gathering of birds. The ice was the colour of a fish's eye. In its thickness were held plane leaves and twigs, with here and there a bullet-star of cracks or a white cockle-shaped air-pocket. On the surface walked gulls and mallards and ducks with flame-golden breasts ... But beyond the lake the atmosphere darkened and grew heavy, dissolving the shapes of things in a fog that seemed a concentration of cold. Quintin retired into himself. He walked with his hands in his pockets, his shoulders contracted, as though he were shuddering into his heavy overcoat, chin down, collar up, guarding his chest against the cold. Ellie, feeling him withdrawn from her, let her hand slip from his arm: he did not notice it going.

Miss Manning's descriptions of social things as well—parties in Chelsea, conversations in pubs, difficult dinners—are splendidly real, and not less real for being distorted by the eye through which they are seen. It is often said by robust critics of the novel that writers of sensibility know nothing about the common struggle for survival and the Economic Man. Miss Manning's book confounds them. She writes about poverty as well as anyone has done; she neither evades nor exaggerates it; she has simply understood it. Miss Manning has already a high reputation among English novelists of the post-war generation. Her present book should help to establish her name as one of the best English novelists alive.

Miss Freeman is a newcomer aged twenty-five. In *The Liberty Man* she has written a first novel of something more than usual merit. It is a little too knowing about what goes on in Portsmouth and Piccadilly, but young writers are by nature worldly-wise, and Miss Freeman does at any rate realise her limitations. She has kept her story straightforward and plain. A middle-class schoolmistress falls in love with a well-made naval rating, sleeps with him, but by trying to break down the class barrier between them, she only drives him away. Miss Freeman makes the point that class is a greater force than sex in English life; it may be weaker in the short run, but it is stronger in the long run. The point is one worth considering, and I felt my mind as well as my sympathies engaged by the book. I was interested to see that Miss Freeman is a graduate of both the literature and philosophy schools at Reading University. Her philosophy has put her closer, I am pleased to say, to Madame Simone de Beauvoir than to Miss Iris Murdoch; though I suppose that if Madame de Beauvoir had written the book the

hero would not have fled, as this one does, from the distinctly miscellaneous temptations which are put in his path.

Reunion is rather like one of those omnibus films of which there have been more than a few since the success of *Un Carnet de Bal*. It has eight stories linked together by a thin thread, and it is four hundred pages long. But it is not meant to be like a film; it is yet another attempt at the Great American Novel.

Eight men in the army together in Belgium in 1944 resolve to meet again in New York in 1952. Mr. Miller tells their several stories as they converge upon the metropolis in time for this reunion. The message which emerges—and the Great American Novel must necessarily have a message—is that however much one may dislike the idea of war (and no one could be more liberal than Mr. Miller) life seems more worth living on the battlefield than it does afterwards in the civilian world.

Possibly no American or English novelist would have said this ten years after the 1918 peace, when pacifism was the thing; but if I remember rightly there were several German novelists who did so, and in any case it does not seem to me that Mr. Miller's message has quite the status of that Great Thought which the Great American Novel is expected, when it comes, to unfold.

Even so, Mr. Miller's book is very much better than most. It is intelligent and lively, and the style is free from *clichés*. What it lacks is variety. One might have supposed that the whole point of having eight stories in one book would have been to have eight different stories. Most of Mr. Miller's protagonists go the same old round; not the familiar round of American life—work, television, bed; but the familiar round of American fiction—drink, adultery, remorse. Only one of Mr. Miller's eight is abstemious, and he, far from being a model to the rest, is, unknown to them, a certified lunatic.

ALSO RECOMMENDED: *The Nimble Rabbit*, by John Brophy (Chatto and Windus, 13s. 6d.): as funny as a vintage Wodehouse, with innocent authors and credibly wicked publishers as principals in the fray. *Achilles His Armour* by Peter Green (Murray, 15s.): a scholarly if uninhibited fictional biography of Alcibiades. With 530 pages and a handsome Michael Ayton jacket, the book is a buyers' bargain, even though it is not consistently good. *The Bay is not Naples* by Anna Maria Ortese (Collins, 10s. 6d.): several short stories dealing with the uglier side of Neapolitan life. Cheerless, but enthralling reading. Here is the 'social realism' of the heart, and it is quite unlike the dreary product of the textbooks.

MAURICE CRANSTON

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Good Pictures in Monochrome

THOSE OF US who had seen the B.B.C. colour television demonstration at Alexandra Palace twenty-four hours previously were titillated imaginatively by the possibilities of transmissions in colour of the Trafalgar Day banquet in the Painted Hall at Greenwich on Friday night. Considerable progress in colour television experiments has been made by the B.B.C. Before many years have gone the blue of the Queen's Garter ribbon will be seen by millions. The demonstration at Alexandra Palace amply justified that prophecy. We saw a succession of flower studies in excellent natural colour. We saw a direct transmission in colour from a studio. We were told that the colour camera, for all its present comparative immobility, can be poked out of the window on a fine day to pick up a true picture in colour of the landscape beyond.

There are moments in one's viewing when television looms up as a terrifyingly efficient instrument of decadence and the coming of colour is unlikely to redeem it from that charge. On the contrary, it may cut even more ruthlessly into the large accustomed rhythms of life, distracting us with its pictorial *bric-à-brac*, luring us away from the intrinsic and eternal values, ministering too freely to the emotionally unemployed. Its impressions, rainbow-hued though they may presently become, can hardly be more than fleeting. Most of us are at a loss to recall the programmes of the day before yesterday. If we remember the eerie, neurasthenic bellowing of the Celtic horns in 'Buried Treasure', it is because in television the Homeric note has not yet been heard.



As seen by the viewer: H.M. the Queen at the banquet celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar on October 21. On Her Majesty's left is Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma, First Sea Lord, and on her right the Rt. Hon. J. P. L. Thomas, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

Monochrome filled our screens last week with a rare sufficiency of good pictures. They came from the Admiralty, from the Mall site of the statue of the late King, from the Painted Hall. At the Admiralty, we saw First Lord and First Sea Lord glorying in their estate. The First Lord, J. P. L. Thomas, M.P., leading the way through his official apartments, was a jauntily instructive commentator who left Richard Dimbleby with little more to do than ask the right questions in the right places, which he did with rotund despatch. When shown the celebrated 'fish' furniture, with its repetitious



Still from the Gas Council's film, 'Guilty Chimneys', shown in a television programme on October 22

dolphin *motif*, were we told that it was presented to the Admiralty by a man named Fish? If so, I missed this information. In any case we viewers often find our curiosity roused and unsatisfied on visits of this kind. We cannot ask questions of the guide, a point that producers might usefully keep in mind.

Then we came to the Board Room, where we were waited on by Lord Mountbatten and Sir John Lang, Secretary of the Admiralty, the First Sea Lord carrying himself, as always, like a commander, the Secretary giving an impression of undaunted competence with a quill pen if it should be required of him and of being an eminently worthy successor in office to Sam Pepys. We saw the First Sea Lord put a friendly hand on his shoulder, the accolade of a respect that may have been more than personal. Describing the Board Room to us, Lord Mountbatten showed us the indicator used in the days of sail and still working, a link in a signalling system which sent messages from roof to roof and hill to hill between London and Portsmouth. Less than fifty years ago Professor Skeat recalled having seen it in operation about 1844. Time perspectives seemed to have an elastic quality when Lord Mountbatten referred to guided missiles. This guided camera excursion was fruitful in the passive experience which television so liberally bestows on us. Whether or not it

widened our comprehension, the visual impressions we received will have been erased from the majority of viewing minds before these words are read. It is the flightiness of television which alarms the soul of the critical observer for whose decadence implies something other than romantic languors.

The climax of the Nelson celebrations came with the banquet at Greenwich, where cameras secured some exceptionally good head-and-shoulder shots of the Queen as she walked to her place down an avenue of admirals. Here again there were jumbled perspectives. Yesterday she was a little girl playing with her dogs at Windsor. Now we saw her gravely sipping port for the toast of the immortal memory and looking strangely like the young Victoria: cameras did, indeed, produce that effect. Earlier, we had seen her beautifully controlled emotion at the unveiling of a statue to her late father. Here it was no doubt a day of strain. Television gave us glimpses of the price of monarchy, enough to suggest that it may be higher than we realise.

Those were the week's outstanding television activities. Nothing comparable in viewing magnetism came from the studios. 'Panorama' made a feature of unemployment in Ulster, sending Woodrow Wyatt out on an interview mission which yielded a number of depressing facts and rather fewer good pictures. Its chief merit for us viewers was that he has an unequivocal clear speaking voice. Too often for our comfort he used the microphone intimidatingly, thrusting it at his subjects as if it were a weapon. It will be more effective with experience. 'Sir Henry Irving', amiably introduced by John Clements from a wicker armchair on a lawn, was a filmed talk by Gordon Craig, looking across the fifty years since the great man died.



Eighty-three year-old Gordon Craig, once a member of Sir Henry Irving's company at the Lyceum Theatre, in a B.B.C. film made for the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Sir Henry Irving shown on October 20

Photographs: John C.



Laurence Payne as Adam and Noëlle Middleton as Cornelia in 'Misery' on October 20

on tour at Bradford. Like many old men of distinction, he seemed eager for remembrance. A Gas Council film, 'Guilty Chimneys', told the gasp-inducing tale of man's inhumanity to man in terms of smog, a propaganda film that was worth seeing both for its message and photography.

On the news front, the I.T.A. service scored by being less inhibited by political and social considerations than the B.B.C. A good example of its flexibility was its interview with Alan Payer, the Mexborough miner who has been strangled by his workmates for defying a union rule. We also saw his wife, who assured us: 'I shall stand by him, no matter what it means and what it costs'.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Parlour Game

THE BEST PARLOUR GAME today is trying to decide which of two almost exactly similar programmes you wish to watch. Hesitate long enough and with luck you may miss them both. The best plan seems to have one set in each of two rooms, and, for relief, a long-playing gramophone on the landing connecting them. It is just completing its fourth complete 'Cavalleria Rusticana' while I have a bite, standing up like a horse.) In a matter of minutes you must choose between two doors. Behind one, 'I Married Joan' (B.B.C.); behind the other, something called accurately enough—though my grandmother would not have recognised it as such—'Sunday Afternoon' (I.T.A.). Were ever such days before?

The comic muse has had a big innings recently. She advertises better than tragedy. The 'Burns and Allen' show has been rivalled by the Charlie Chester show which crackled with British wit as opposed to American. Sample: 'When I was coming through Soho—what a spot!—I nearly fell into a Comer' (gales of laughter and the long-drawn applause which greets the topical). Two pairs of funny men, Scott and Maynard, and Monkhouse and Goodwin, have slain each other with sarcasm and slapstick; and the 'Quatermass Experiment' in new guise is with us once again.

This last may not be intentionally comic but was a most interesting reprise; *Vingt Ans Après*

to The Three Musketeers. One of the nicest things I ever overheard said of me, during a previous run of Quatermass, was 'Everyone likes it: even that idiot in THE LISTENER said it was exciting!' You can imagine with what an almost proprietary thrill I sat down to the new bout of science grand guignol. True, this first instalment was comparatively tame, but the sinister 'something' was well led up to, apart from a mild epidemic of fluffing in the laboratory. Since people accuse me of not noticing these things if I do not mention them, I must also point out that between leaving the pub and getting into the car the gallant Captain Dillon (John Stone) had somehow had a haircut and brush up. One hopes he has not been disfigured by whatever it was went off like a mixture of fungus and firecracker just before 'to be continued in our next'. I have met this sort of fungus terror before in creepy films and it always seems to frighten the authors more than it does me. Is this what psychologists call a symbol? What is alarming about a fungus? I admit this 'thing' may be very nasty. For not only did it upset Captain Dillon and perhaps disfigure him, it also seemed to have acted like 'flu on Farmer Large (Eric Lugg). Meanwhile in the bar parlour Herbert Lomas carried on like what I once heard someone in just such a bar call 'a proper Cassaranda'. 'I think', said the professor, 'I am going mad'. Well, we shall see. The tempo and production by Rudolph Cartier augured well.

It was good to see Denis Cannan's 'Misery Me' get a fresh chance. For in the theatre, for a variety of reasons we need not go into—production, casting, audience-reaction, and so on—it got less than its due. It is by definition an intellectual farce, but when that genre does not quite win over an audience at once, it has to fight a losing battle. But the reaction of the audience doesn't matter in the comparative privacy of television, which one can watch and enjoy as privately as reading a book. The suicidal lovers, the warring suitors, the Arcadian innkeeper—one took them all quite easily, as Mr. Cannan presumably meant us to take them: figments, but amusing.

Sunday night offered 'This Is Your Life' which helps us understand what the Romans found so enjoyable about seeing lions rip up humans in the Colosseum. The victim was Ted

Ray and I suppose we may be grateful it wasn't Gilbert Harding. Mr. Ray's Liverpudlian cronies and his jolly sisters, who seemed to share his humour as you might expect, made a pleasant impression.

The second of the Tilsley 'Makepeace' plays, 'A New Generation', was produced with a snap, worthy of a film, by Campbell Logan. I enjoyed it very much: flint-hearted boss class, bitter but honest workers, son of millowner and pregnant 'hand', wicked Paddy, bomb plot, 'hoist with own petard' during funeral, joined by silent loyal workers (out of a Ford film, that), even a man caught in the machinery, though we nearly missed this last. Melodramatic at times, but also alive, like the film of novel by some regional master one has not read. I liked very much the performances of Eric Lander, Billie Whitelaw (the girl), and Thomas Heathcote; among the 'quality', too, there were some telling little sketches. 'Music at Ten' took the form of some high-spirited and original choreography by the gifted Kenneth MacMillan. John Neville introducing it with a Regency flourish might have been happier with better words to speak, but the dancers gave the impression of being thoroughly happy in their work: a pleasant change from the deadly little dance routines which so often clutter our screens and a change too from much modern choreography where niminy-piminy young persons in grey combies twist each other inside out.

'Time for prayers' (high time, too, on a Sunday) is not my department, but I wish to laud the marvellous chording of the basses in the White Russian church choir from Paris.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Foggy Weather

'I SHOULD NOT think very highly myself', said T. S. Eliot, 'of any play of which I could gather the whole point after only seeing it once, and without having read it'. That is a dubious invitation to a playgoer unable to spare more than a single night and unlikely to see the text. Mildly, we do expect a dramatist to make himself moderately intelligible at a first hearing. However, to insist upon that would be to lose some of the sharpest talking-points. We know, while we wait for Godot, that life goes on, that the blind lead the blind, and so on. But who or what is Pozzo? And what is the exact significance of that bit about the sheep and the goats? And what . . . ? The debate continues; and there we are, blissful in—according to taste—the slight haze, the thick mist, the choking fog. Probably by now 'The Ghost Sonata' (Third) is entirely lucid, in every detail, to most of us. Still, some hearers must echo Sir Topas: 'The clear stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony'. Strindbergians may cry at the pitch of their voices, 'And yet complainest thou of obstruction?' Alas, I do complain. It was a stimulating Sunday afternoon.

We are sure (at least as sure as we can be) that Strindberg is indicting hypocrisy, unveiling it, seizing a variety of skeletons from the cupboard and dropping them upon the table with a clamour. 'His whole life is a fake', says the Mummy-wife of the Colonel. At the end of the play the Student has that long speech about the past when his father, the trigger loosened, had told his guests exactly what he knew and felt about them. In 'The Ghost Sonata' Strindberg is similarly stripping his characters—in their world of guilt and corruption—and using the method that imitates 'the disconnected, but seemingly logical, form of the dream. Anything may happen; everything is possible and probable'. Certainly it is so here, where corpses walk, old women live in cup-



Thomas Heathcote as Henry Ashton and Billie Whitelaw as Nan Middleton in 'A New Generation' on October 23

Three doctors sit down to a meal



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boards and scream like parrots, a milkmaid wanders about, there is much talk of hyacinths, and, most maddening, there is the figure of the vampire-cook, with her bottle. She reminds me of no one so much as the Duchess' cook who threw the fire-irons and saucepans at the Duchess and the baby. I fully expected the Cheshire Cat to be around, grinning from ear to ear. No doubt it was there on Sunday, though it did not make its presence felt.

If a lesser dramatist than Strindberg were to belt us with symbols (in the manner of the sauceman and the fire-irons), we should feel merely aggrieved. But 'The Ghost Sonata', in that world of allusion where people talk in semitones, has a crazy force. The house at the start should be 'strongly illuminated in sunlight', and yet we are in a haze through which the strangest shapes are looming, those furious fancies that Strindberg knew how to create if not to clarify. They were expressed firmly on Sunday without any attempt to explain or to apologise. Frederick Bradnum (who both made the new version and produced it) and his cast allowed Strindberg to speak untortured. Among the mouthpieces—the people are a little out of the ordinary—were such artists as Allan McClelland, the Student; Cyril Shaps, a rasp in his voice as the horrible Hummel who is thrust into the cupboard; Betty Hardy; and Oliver Burt—all strongly realistic under difficulties. I shall remember the grim party in the Round Room—we are told, earlier, that the silent munchers sound like 'ants on dead leaves', better than 'gnawing of a lot of rats in the attic' as it says in my crib—and the last moments of the play, when the Daughter fades to death behind the black screen, had a strange ecstasy. Strindberg has a direction, 'The whole room disappears, and in its place appears Boecklin's "Island of Death"'. That is something we cheerfully did without. I could also have done without some of the Daughter's symbolic comments on the imperfections in the hyacinth room; but I was never tempted, for a second, to mock the play's terrors, its medley (to quote Strindberg again) of 'memories, experiences, free fancies, absurdities, and improvisations'.

It was indeed more truly moving than 'Cry, the Beloved Country' (Home), based on Alan Paton's South African novel. This—however one might sympathise with the author's cleansing anger—came through to us as a play rough-hewn and noisy. Eddic Connor acted the old Zulu pastor with some force; but I was stirred much more by his reading of Blake's 'My mother bore me in the southern wild' during 'Lighten Our Darkness' which followed immediately. 'No Arms, No Armour', from the Henriques novel, was the more successful of the 'Between Two Worlds' plays; I must return to it later.

Eric Barker's 'Just Fancy' (Home) had the gentle shrewdness that endears it to regular patients. I was happy to meet again the two veterans—acted by Eric Barker and Deryck Guyler—who offer a periodical exercise in comic vagueness. Veil-dancers, Cardinals, Port Tewfik, someone called Drusilla (or was she?)—what the talk was about I don't know, and they certainly didn't. It was beguiling to listen to them as they snorted and potted on like two tank-engines waffling along the sidings in a benevolent mist.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Work and Play

IT IS PARDONABLE to hope to be entertained while being instructed, if only because it is difficult to assimilate a subject which offers no attractions, but to make entertainment the first

objective is, I'm afraid, the symptom of a lazy mind. Yet I must confess that I notice this tendency in myself every time I run through the weekly programmes in *Radio Times*. And why, otherwise, should I have greeted so effusively the announcement some time ago that this season's Reith Lecturer was to be Nikolaus Pevsner? It is true that his subject, 'The Englishness of English Art', is one that attracts me, but I have learnt long since that lectures on art can be as tedious as any others. But I have learnt, too, that Dr. Pevsner imparts his learning with a liveliness and humour that make his lectures a rare pleasure for his audience, and his first—'The Geography of Art'—did not disappoint my expectations.

And why, when I had marked up my listening for last week, did I find, on looking through it again, that I had put ticks against 'The Supporting Role' by Athene Seyler, 'Gerard Manley Hopkins', read by Cyril Cusack, 'The New Hybrid Grapes' by Edward Hyams, 'German Wines' by Terence Prittie, and none against such titles as 'War and Society', 'An Intellectual Watershed', and 'Legislatures'? The reason is too evident. I like wine, I like the poetry of Hopkins, and I like being entertained by Miss Seyler, while 'War and Society' when taken together rouse dreary memories; 'An Intellectual Watershed' rather suggests a cold douche, and 'Legislatures', despite the pleasant surprise of the first instalment, remains a little repellent. But there was still time to correct this cowardly self-protection and forthwith I supplied the missing ticks.

I had realised that it would be impossible for Professor K. C. Wheare in his remaining talks on 'Legislatures' to pursue the graphic method that made the first so enthralling, and sure enough, he did not do so. All the same, he has kept a firm hold on my attention and I devoured his third talk, 'Making the Government Behave', with gusto. In it he compared our own legislature with those of France and the United States. In ours the government is controlled largely by Her Majesty's Opposition; while in France and the U.S.A. where there is no official opposition, criticism of the government is personal and irresponsible. Mr. Wheare set out clearly and impartially the advantages and disadvantages of both systems.

I have found those numbers of 'War and Society' which I have heard rather harder to chew, and 'War and the Economic Mechanism', a dry enough theme for the likes of me, was made drier still by a dull delivery. But Professor R. M. Titmuss in 'War and Social Policy' threw some bright lights on the interaction of each on each. 'An Intellectual Watershed' was a review by Donat O'Donnell of a recent book called *Les Aventures de la Dialectique* by Maurice Merleau-Ponty, who as a fellow-traveller expressed his approval of Russia and the Marxist philosophy in an earlier work. More recently he has left the train before reaching his destination and taken another in the opposite direction, and his second thoughts are set out in the new book which, in Mr. O'Donnell's opinion, 'marks a most significant watershed in the intellectual history of France'. I gathered that the book makes rather heavy going. Not so Mr. O'Donnell's review. He is an extremely good talker and it was an absorbing talk.

Of the entertainment I had planned for myself, Miss Seyler's 'The Supporting Role' gave me more than all I had hoped for. With that sly, dry humour which puts a very special kick into all her observations she gave some curious details of back-stage custom and etiquette and for good measure added a rich performance of her favourite 'supporting role'—that lively and rakish character in 'Henry VIII' who figures among the *dramatis personae* simply as 'An Old Lady, friend to Anne

Bullen'. Edward Hyams, in 'The New Hybrid Grapes', gave an account both learned and luscious of wines which are suitable for growing in this country, while Terence Prittie told of the restoration since the war of German vineyards and detailed the wines produced by the various districts—an interesting talk but without any reference to the delights these wines offer to palate and nose. Next, a delightful talk by J. H. Watson called 'The Gaffer' which had the charming quality of a poem by W. H. Davies. Cyril Cusack performed the appallingly difficult feat of reading poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins extremely well.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The New Broom

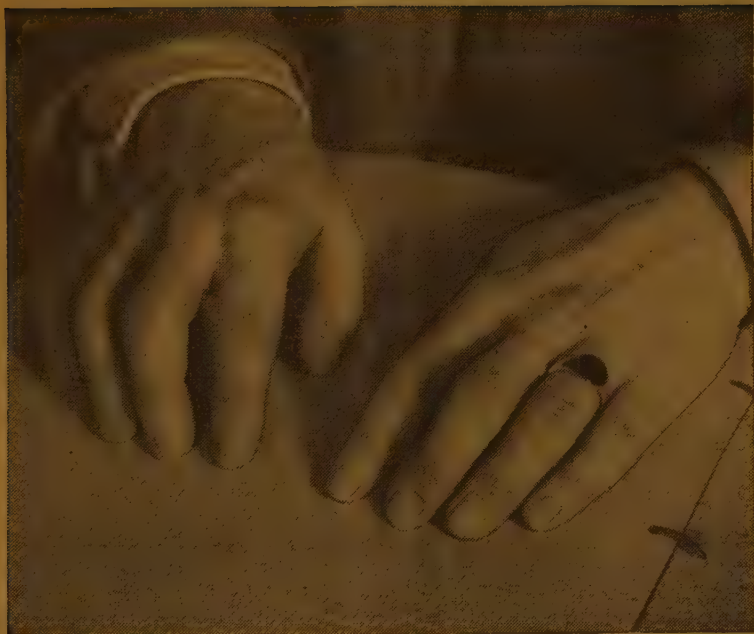
MR. RAFAEL KUBELIK initiated his directorship at the Royal Opera by taking disciplinary measures against a distinguished and popular singer, who failed to arrive in time for the rehearsals, and justified his action by the quality of the performance of Verdi's 'Otello' with which the autumn season opened last week. That quality consisted of an imaginative and carefully worked-out presentation of the tragedy, in which the music and the stage action added together to make up a total of magnificent proportions. This was, minor blemishes apart, the best acted production of the opera I have seen. Into such a production no singer, however accomplished, could have entered unrehearsed without disturbing the balance of its artistic effect.

The fine quality of the performance being visual in the first place, and musical only in the second, it may have seemed rather less satisfactory to those who heard the broadcast relay. Splendid as the orchestral playing was, this is an Italian opera, which means that the drama should be expressed first and foremost through the voices. The very fact that the most moving musical experiences of the evening—the beautifully phrased violoncello solo which introduces the duet at the end of Act I, the introduction to the last act so expressively played by the wind-band and the horrific muttering of the lower strings at Otello's final entrance—that these high lights shone in the orchestra pit is, in itself, a criticism of the performance. For though the opera was sung in Italian, there was not, in the absence of Signor Gobbi, an Italian singer in the cast. Ramon Vinay is a Latin presumably, but his voice has lately thickened and darkened, whether or no as a result of his engagements at Bayreuth, and seems to have lost some of the ringing brilliance it had, as his recording of the opera some years ago testifies.

Grè Brouwenstijn, who gave a most intelligent and appealing performance as Desdemona, has yet neither the exciting 'edge' to her tone which is required of the Verdi-soprano in big moments, nor the knack of floating a mezza-voce phrase with that absolute evenness and purity of quality and intonation without which the 'Willow Song', for instance, is not all that it can be.

The remainder of the cast was drawn from the permanent company, headed by Otakar Kraus, whose Iago was a most potent figure of evil, too openly villainous perhaps to have deceived even the credulous Moor, and Mephistophelean rather than Machiavellian in demeanour. None the less, Mr. Kraus gave a performance of considerable intellectual power, and the evil personality of Iago easily dominated the scene—nowhere more than in the finale of the third act, where the depth was attained by his having a really formidable personality in the Iago, to whom he could make his cowed and mute appeal.

Kubelik's handling of the score was, at most points, masterly. It was all the more surprising



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that he should apparently have caught Vinay off his guard by the quick pace at which he took the 'Farewell to arms' and again in the final act of the second act. Here careful rehearsal did not prevent singer and orchestra getting out of step, and the tenor sang 'Ora e per sempre addio' with a jerky over-emphasis which deprived the utterance of its nobility and pathos. And, finely as the music was played, with the many lovely touches of detail some of which have been mentioned, there was at times a lack of drive. One felt that the conductor was still engaged upon perfecting the surface of the music; when he has penetrated, with experience, to the core, he will give a superb performance indeed.

Superb is certainly the adjective for the per-

formance of Berlioz' 'Symphonie Fantastique' which was given by the Philharmonia Orchestra under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. This conductor has a peculiarly acute ear for instrumental colouring and an ability to get from the splendid players in this orchestra exceptional refinements of balance between instrument and instrument, and of shades of expression in phrasing. And he brought out, in a manner I have rarely heard, the peculiar, visionary quality of the symphony, besides making the greatest possible effect of its more obvious dramatic aspects. Earlier the conductor exercised his magical spell upon Ravel's evocation of Spanish music and, less successfully I thought, on Britten's Variations on a theme of Frank Bridge.

At the Wednesday evening concert in the Home Service Sir Malcolm Sargent began a series of performances of Sibelius' Symphonies in celebration of the composer's ninetieth birthday in December, with the Third in C major. He gave a buoyant, lively performance of this strangely neglected work, whose dancing rhythms, subtly diversified to avoid monotonous jiggling, and characteristic melodies should have made it more popular with the composer's admirers. A Violoncello Concerto by Khachaturyan sounded commonplace and ill-balanced, the solo ably played by Edmund Kurtz being often overlaid by thick orchestration. Another birthday was marked on Friday by the performance of Egon Wellesz' Octet, an engaging work in the Viennese tradition of entertainment-music.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Gluck and the Opera Comique

By MARTIN COOPER

'La Rencontre imprévue' will be broadcast at 4.40 p.m. on Sunday, October 30, and 8.10 p.m. next day (both Third)

ALTHOUGH the opera was an Italian creation, it would still be hardly an exaggeration to say that it was born again in the second half of the eighteenth century and became, by adoption and grace, French. By 1760 the unsatisfactory nature of the Italian *opera seria* was acknowledged by all musical minds outside Italy and by many of the shrewdest Italians. Under the influence of the French *philosophes*, 'progressive' taste preferred to Greek heroes and Roman emperors the 'little people' of the French *opéra comique*, to the copy-book examples of self-sacrifice and magnanimity the humble intrigues and sentimental experiences of everyday life. French lyric tragedy, too, was spreading its influence over the many courts which modelled themselves on Versailles; and the time was ripe for a composer with something approaching a cosmopolitan mentality who should combine what was best in the French and Italian traditions.

Gluck was the architect and finisher, rather than the initiator, of this operatic 'reform' or regeneration. Born in 1714, he had his first experience of musical life in cosmopolitan Vienna, where Italian influence was strong, and had then spent the best part of ten years in north Italy, composing operas in the accepted Italian taste of the day. There was little in any of this music to foreshadow the character of his mature works, for Gluck developed his musical individuality late and under the stress of various external stimuli rather than from within, from personal conviction or deep reflection. Nevertheless, the desire for operatic reform was common among musical circles in north Italy during these years, and it was not long before the French influence, radiating from the court of the Spanish *infante* Don Felipe at Parma, was to make itself felt unambiguously in the operas of at least one Italian composer, Tommaso Traetta.

Gluck returned to Vienna in 1750 and in 1754 he was appointed musical director to the court. During the next ten years he either composed or arranged a dozen *opéras comiques* with French titles and French texts, for the diversion of the court at Schönbrunn or Laxenburg. In May 1752 a French company had visited Vienna, giving first comedies only and then *opéras comiques*, which rapidly became very popular with the court and the *beau monde*. Gluck acted first as conductor and arranger only, but was soon called upon to add new airs, often as in 'L'Isle de Merlin' (1758) so outnumbering the originals that the work can virtually be called his. These little works belonged to the many different categories traditionally associated

with the *opéra comique*, including parody, pastoral, magic and oriental pastiche. Many of them were by Favart, the favourite dramatist for the *opéra comique* of the day and a master of the form; and in at least one case ('Le Déguisement pastoral') old airs were fitted to Favart's verses. Occasionally, as in 'L'Ivrogne corrigé' based on one of La Fontaine's fables, the plot dealt with everyday life; but in general the Viennese court preferred more fantastic subjects to those in which social criticism was overt or even implicit.

By a strange coincidence it happened that, just when the Italian *opera seria* was to be revived by French ideals, a reverse process was taking place in the *opéra comique*. The visit of an Italian company playing *opera buffa*, in the same year as the French company visited Vienna, divided Parisian society into two camps, French and Italian. The so-called *guerre des bouffons* was no doubt largely fomented by pamphleteers and publicists generally and soon took a semi-political complexion. But the challenge to French composers was unmistakable and it was not merely by chance that during the twenty-five years which followed the *opéra comique* enjoyed a golden age, while interest in lyrical tragedy waned until it was stimulated by Gluck's visit to Paris during the 'seventies.

With Duni, Philidor, Monsigny and Grétry the purely musical interest of the *opéra comique* was greatly increased, owing to the new standards set by the Italians more than to any other single cause. Many of the best of these men's works were written after Gluck's *opéras comiques*, but the cultural exchanges between Paris and Vienna were frequent and important during the 1750s, and in one case Gluck set a text which had already been used by Monsigny ('Le Cadi dupé'). By the time that he came to the last, and by far the most important, of his *opéras comiques*, 'La Rencontre imprévue' (1764), he was well aware of the new standards set in Paris; and Italian influence is strong and ubiquitous.

The original play, by Le Sage and d'Orneval, had been given in Paris under the title of 'Les Pèlerins de la Mecque'. Durazzo had this arranged—'all that is licentious suppressed and only what is noble and comic left', as he said—by Dancourt, a comedian who had come to Vienna from Berlin in 1762. The result of this ennoblement is an action centred on two high-souled lovers, with subsidiary characters including comic or intriguing servants and confidants, a mendicant dervish or 'Calender monk' and a divertingly mad painter. Gluck starts with a 'Turkish' overture of the kind beloved by the eighteenth century and familiar to us from

Mozart's 'Entführung', of which we shall repeatedly be reminded. In particular, the Calender Monk might be a sketch for Osmin, with his unison accompaniments, his cynical joviality and his refrain of 'la lera-la'. The lovers are French rather than Italian, but Rezia's 'Ah! qu'il est doux' is a florid Italian *da capo* aria ranging up to top C, unthinkable in the old *opéra comique* and foreshadowing rather the vocal gymnastics of Mozart's Constanze. There are plenty of duets, three trios and even a sextet for the finale of Act 2, but nothing approaching Mozart's big concerted numbers.

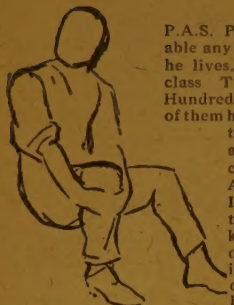
French influence is most noticeable in the dance-rhythms—especially the 3/8 so popular with *opéra comique* composers—and in all the music assigned to Rezia's three confidants. Balkis' 'Venez, venez, troupe brillante', for instance, which introduces the ballet, has less ornamentation but might otherwise belong to one of Rameau's opera-ballets. The element of parody appears in the Calender Monk's pseudo-oriental (actually nonsense Italian, like Rossini's) language, which would at once recall Monsieur Jourdain's *mamamouchi* to an audience with French education; and in the skit on Italian music in the *trio dialogué* between Balkis, Osmin and the mad painter Vertigo. Objections have been raised to making a lunatic the object of comedy, but no such niceness of feeling troubled the eighteenth century. Vertigo's music is an early example of Gluck's descriptive power and 'Des combats j'ai peint l'horreur', 'C'est un torrent' and 'Un ruisseau bien clair' stand half way between French models—the storm in Rameau's 'Dardanus' for example—and the great descriptive passages in 'Armide' and 'Iphigénie en Tauride'.

Eighteen years separate 'La Rencontre imprévue' from Mozart's 'Entführung' in 1782. In the following year Gluck was present at one of the younger composer's 'academies' or recitals, as we should call them now. In his honour Mozart improvised his variations on the Calender Monk's 'Les hommes pieusement', (now known by its German title 'Unser dummer Pöbel meint'). Although Gluck's opera lived on in Germany as a popular *Singspiel*, Mozart's oriental comedy has finally eclipsed it; but to have inspired Mozart is no small thing and we owe a great debt to Gluck for that as well as for the charm and amusement still to be found in 'La Rencontre imprévue'.

For seven Fridays, beginning October 28, the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra will give midday concerts at the Town Hall, Manchester. They will be broadcast in the Light Programme and the conductors will be John Hopkins and Vilem Tausky.

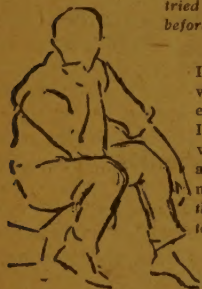
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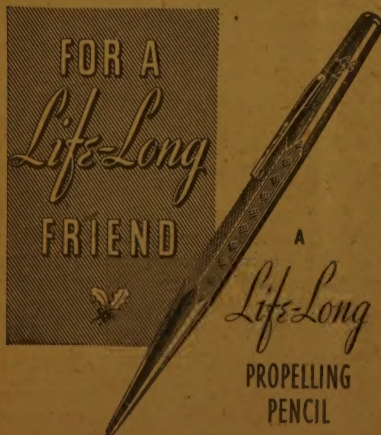
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For the Housewife

Hints on Making Chutney

By LOUISE DAVIES

THIS, once more, is the season when enthusiastic gardeners bring in green tomatoes for green tomato chutney. And other potential losses, too, can be turned to profit. You can, for instance, make a delicious hot chutney from windfall apples, or from the last of the vegetable marrows. I am not going to give you a recipe because there are plenty of chutney recipes. Moreover, you can practically make your own by varying the fruits or vegetables or spices according to taste. And taste does vary enormously: some like chutney hot and spicy, others like it sweet. So I am leaving the choice to you. Here, instead, are a few hints to help you whichever recipe you use.

First, a simple precaution. Do remember to keep the kitchen window open and the door shut when you are making chutney. The odour of simmering vinegar and spices is penetrating. A few points about ingredients: where the recipe just mentions 'sugar' it is a good plan to use brown sugar—it gives a better flavour and colour than the ordinary white. As for the spices—there is no need to follow the recipe too slavishly. If, for instance, it calls for ginger and you dislike ginger, you can leave it out and substitute something else. It is, in fact, a very good idea to make a trial sample of any new recipe—say a one-pound jar—for tasting and approving before you get down to the real session. That is not such a waste of labour as it sounds. It will not take you long and it may save much disappointment and wasted ingredients. There is one point to remember, though, when you are critically tasting your sample. A new-made chutney should always

taste too spicy, rather than not spicy enough, for it mellows and improves with keeping. It should not be opened for at least a couple of months.

Now let us clear up a point about equipment. I have often heard people say you should not use metal pans for making chutney. That is not strictly true. It is perfectly all right to use an aluminium pan or a stainless steel pan, or an enamel pan, so long as it is unchipped. What you must avoid are chipped enamel pans and the good old preserving pan of brass, copper, or iron.

Similarly, to avoid rusting, do not use empty pickle jars that have unprotected metal lids. Use ordinary jam jars; but do not tie them down with a piece of paper or with the paper covers you use for jam. If you do, the vinegar in the chutney will evaporate and you will get bad shrinkage. I have found that synthetic skin is one of the best covers to tie on the jam jars.

To save time and fuel use a pressure saucepan; you will find it takes only about 10-15 minutes to soften the ingredients. After reducing the pressure you merely take the lid off the pressure pan and simmer the chutney till it is thick and smooth. If you have not a pressure cooker, you can still save time and fuel with most recipes by cooking the finely cut up or minced fruits, vegetables, and spices in a covered saucepan. Either cook them in their own juice or, if necessary, with a little added water or vinegar to prevent burning. Then when they are soft, add the sugar and vinegar and continue cooking the chutney with the lid off the pan, till it is all reduced to the right consistency. There is another advantage to both

these methods: it means you do not have to use so much vinegar to preserve the chutney because there is less evaporation.—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

- E. E. RICH (page 684): Vere Harmsworth Professor of Imperial and Naval History, Cambridge University, since 1951; general editor, Hudson's Bay Record Society; author of *Ordinances of the Merchants of the Staple*, etc.
- E. C. S. WADE (page 687): Downing Professor of the Laws of England, Cambridge University, since 1945; Member of Lord Chancellor's Committees on Law of Defamation and Limitation of Actions
- LEONARD BEHRENS (page 689): acting President of the Liberal Party
- H. R. HITCHCOCK (page 696): Professor of Art, Smith College, Massachusetts; author of *Built in U.S.A.*
- TERENCE PRITTIE (page 698): Manchester Guardian correspondent in Germany
- GEOFFREY GRIGSON (page 700): author of *Freedom of the Parish*, *The Victorians*, *Places of the Mind*, etc.
- J. F. WOLFENDEN (page 704): Vice-Chancellor of Reading University since 1950; author of *How to Choose Your School*, *Education in a Changing World*, etc.
- FRANCIS WORMALD (page 710): Professor of Palaeography, London University, since 1950; author of *English Drawings of the 10th and 11th Centuries*, *Miniatures in the Gospels of St. Augustine*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,330.

Alphabetical Inserts—IV.

By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 3. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The puzzle has twenty-six across lights which contain the letters of the alphabet, already inserted, as shown: the C, F, I, P, Q, V, and Y lights read from right to left, the remainder from left to right. The lights are formed by inserting three- or four-letter words, clued below, in the five spaces between the vertical edges of the puzzle and the columns of inserted letters: where marked * these words read from right to left, the remainder from left to right. The three- and four-letter words are clued by two words A, B, such that if the letters of word B (in one clue, two words), in their normal order are removed from word A the required word is left: either the required word or B occurs unbroken in A. Thus SAM could be clued by SESAME-SEE or by SALAAM-ALA. The number of letters in A is given in brackets and the alphabetical total (A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, etc.) of the required three- or four-letter words is also given. The positions of the three- or four-letter words are not given, but to help fix them normal clues are given to down lights 34-45. The answers to clues 10, 21, 24, and 28 are geographical names. One light is a

Shakespearean word and another is a Spenserian word (both given in *Chambers's Mid-century*); two other lights are geographical names, one a town noted for its temple and another a place in California, U.S.A.

CLUES—ACROSS

Three-letter words:

- Window (9) — trifling = 18
- Moved heavily (8) — brown pigment = 21
- Slavic (7) — desire = 23
- Long-legged crested Brazilian bird (7) — raw hide thong = 25
- Tennis-like game (7) — bread made from Indian corn = 25
- Peevish (6) — thine = 28
- Dwarfishness (6) — hobgoblin = 28
- Attacker (9) — obliquely = 29
- Two-masted hoys (9) — one who comes ashore = 30
- Carriage (6) — conjunction = 34
- Eager search (7) — strain off wine = 34
- To become civilised (8) — pangolin = 34
- Wood — ibis (8) — the ankle bone = 35
- Intermediate layer of the blastoderm (9) — 'If thou wilt leave me, do not leave —' [Shakespeare sonnet] (2, 4) = 36
- Spectacle (7) — the European wild cherry = 37
- Musical prelude (8) — moral excellence once = 38
- Degrades (7) — refractive glass = 43
- Hindrance (9) — insane = 43
- Tilting tournament (8) — song of praise = 45

Four-letter words:

- Cup-like (8) — parasitic insects = 16
- Thrift or variety of citrus cloud (8, hyphen) — local rate = 27

- A guard (8) — offer resistance = 32
- Bible containing four different versions (8) — strategem = 38
- Italian seaport (6) — Italian river = 42
- Paramour (7) — Spenserian fool = 42
- Obliteration (6) — ancient city or mark of hesitation = 43
- Luck (7) — old liquid measure = 44
- Peace offer (8) — image = 46
- Put in good order (8) — upper part of bird's throat = 48
- Italian island west of Naples (7) — girl's name = 60
- Harp-shaped (6) — preposition = 60
- Civic head (8) — the main body = 63
- Craftily (8) — abundantly supplied = 64

DOWN

- Give power to a form of whalebone (6)
- Twisted twining plants belonging to a tribe of Franks (6)
- Thick and sweet but the middle might be clear (7)
- Strike out without hindrance for the river (3)
- Light-hearted astronomer royal (4)
- — — eat, or drink, or breathe, or live ' (Richard II', 7, three words)
- — — thou shalt never have my curse ' (King Lear', 7, two words)
- He merits the part the novice driver doesn't display (6)
- They have a contract but not so much to look back on (7)
- Eli's grandson; first person abroad gets a large part of the frame (7)
- Semi-ovine genius of insectivores (6)
- What's my line? Road-maker? Could be! (6)

Solution of No. 1,328

| | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1 ^a | 0 ^b |
| 3 ^c | 4 ^d |

NOTES

- Nothumbians use the scale of 8
- $F(x, y) = xy + 1 - yx - 1$

Prizewinners: 1st prize: G. Cooper (Willenhall); 2nd prize: B. A. Moore and D. E. Bourne (Sheffield, 10); 3rd prize: G. Morton (London, N.3)

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|---|----|--|----|---|----|----|----|---|----|----|---|----|----|
| 34 | 35 | A | 36 | | 37 | B | 38 | 40 | 41 | C | 42 | 43 | D | 44 | 45 |
| | | E | | | | F | | | | G | | | H | | |
| | | I | | | | J | | | | K | | | L | | |
| | | M | | | | N | | | | O | | | P | | |
| | | Q | | | | R | | | | S | | | T | | |
| | | U | | | | V | | | | W | | | X | | |
| | | | | | | Y | | | | Z | | | | | |

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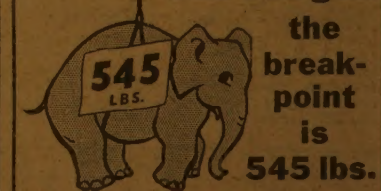
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